

January
15¢

★ PHOTOPLAY

1947

June Haver
Paul Hesse



1947 "THE
BIGGEST MISTAKE
OF MY LIFE"

June Haver Talks
to

9P 2/50 3V R 7913B
MRS C SLOSBERG
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Your Skin's Softer! You're Lovelier with just One Cake of Camay!



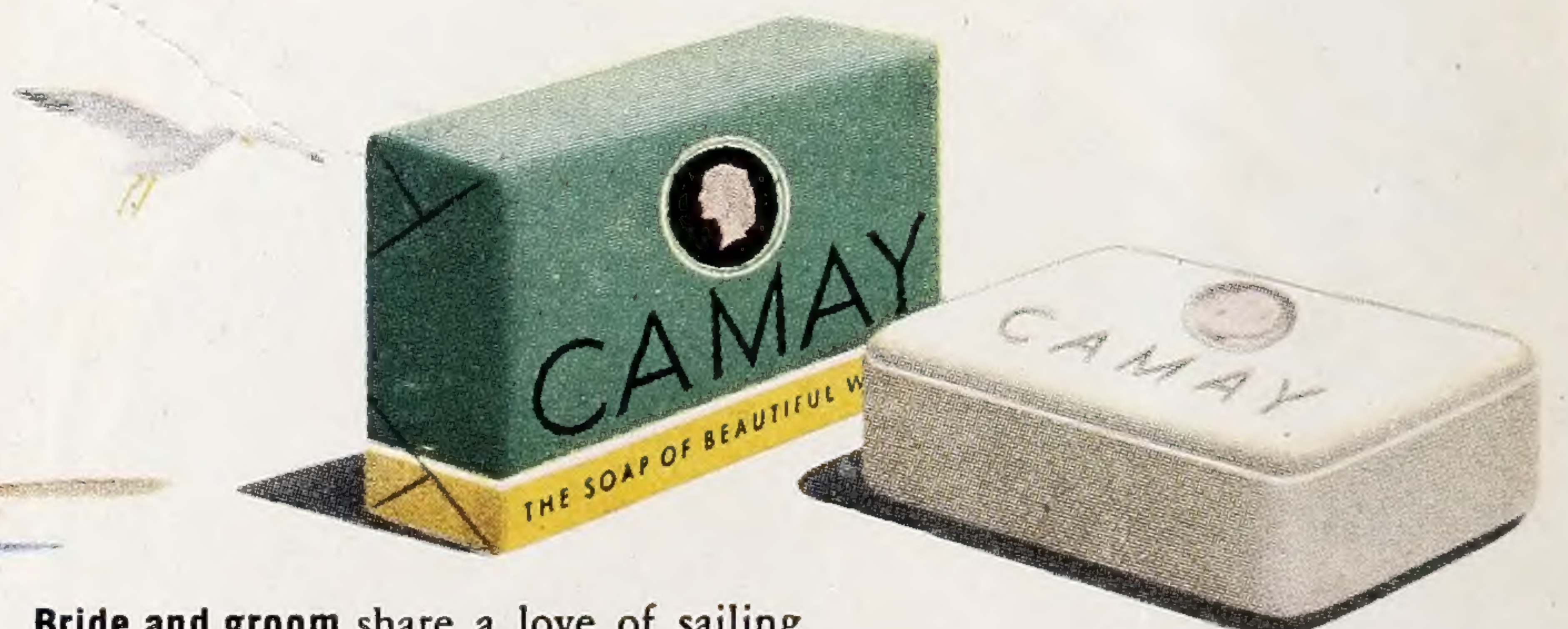
MRS. HUDSON C. MILLAR, JR.
the former Barbara Jean Carpenter
of East Orange, N. J.
bridal portrait by *Maurice*

MEET THE MILLARS!



The Millars honeymooned in Bermuda. Neighbors all their lives, they'd only met a few years ago. She's gorgeous! She says: "My *first cake* of Camay brought a softer, clearer look to my skin."

There's sorcery in a lovely skin—a soft, clear complexion holds hearts in its spell! That's true—and you can win a smoother, lovelier skin with just *one cake* of Camay. Just give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Follow directions on the wrapper—and watch your beauty grow!



Bride and groom share a love of sailing. Both can set a spinnaker or tie a clove hitch. Expert, too, in complexion care—Barbara helps guard the loveliness of her skin with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

"Good-bye, Jim...

we could have had a wonderful life together."

SHE had made herself go to Jim's wedding! "What will people say... what will they think... if I don't go?" she had asked herself grimly. So... she had gone. She had struggled to keep the tears back. She had watched the man she loved slip the ring on another girl's finger. She had forced herself to say the conventional things that were expected of her... "What a lovely bride! What a lucky man! What a beautiful wedding!" At least no one could point her out as the disappointed, heartbroken girl who had expected to be Jim's bride, herself.

But now the ordeal was over. Now she was home again, alone, with nothing to do except to read... and destroy... Jim's letters. Ah, here was the first letter he'd ever written her... after that wonderful day in the country! And here was another... after the dance. And other letters from far away Rio... warm and tender, full of his plans and hopes for the future... full of hints that maybe someday...? One by one, she went through them, trying vainly to find some reason that would explain his later change in attitude.

The day he stepped off the plane from Rio, he had been so *ardent*, so glad to see her. But only a few short hours later he seemed to have changed... unbelievably. There was a strange

indifference about him... his tenderness became merely formal courtesy... and at each meeting after that, the gulf seemed to widen, finally becoming an abyss. What had happened to change his feeling for her? She didn't know... and she never would know.

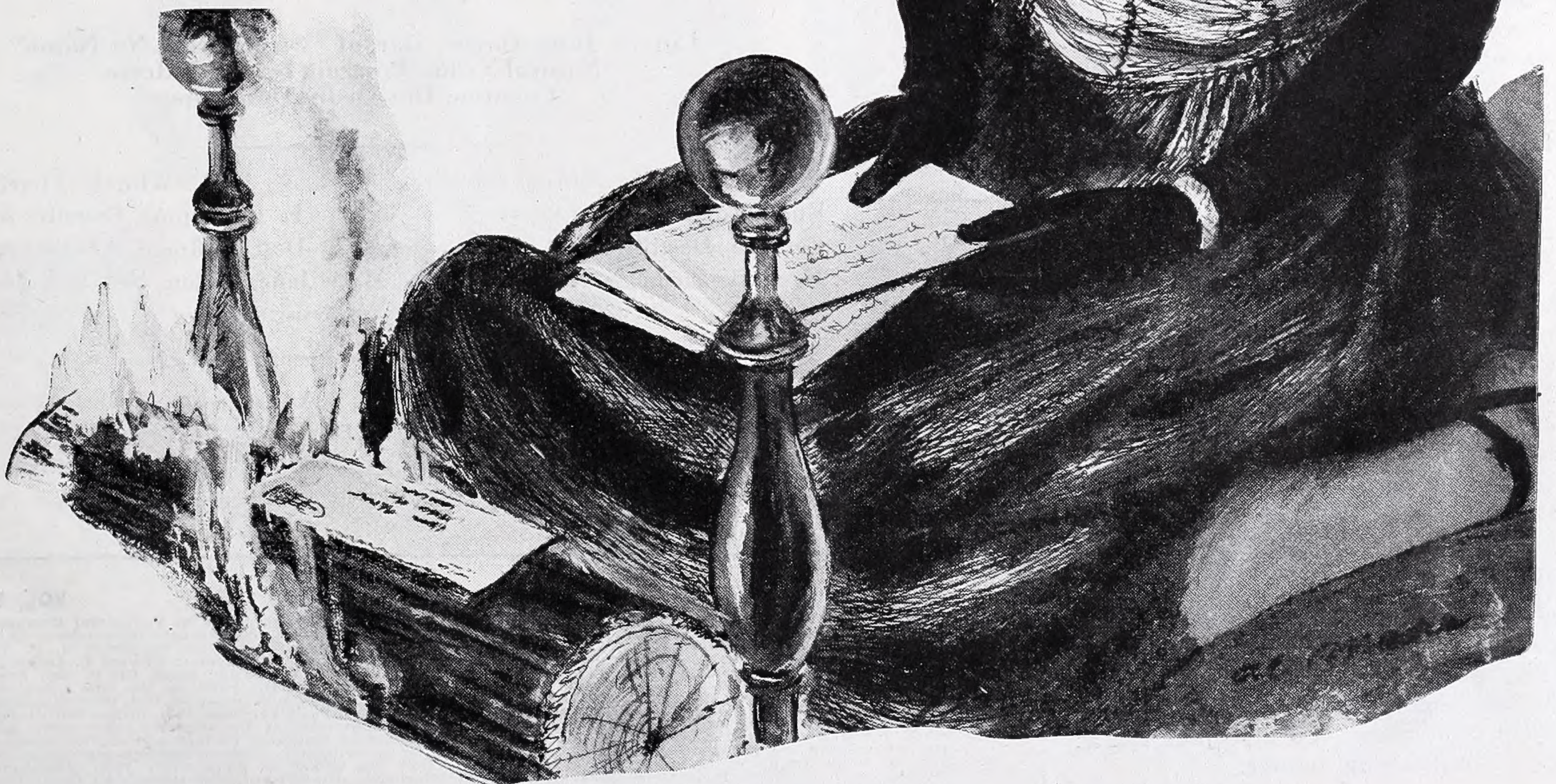
Slowly she put the letters into the fire, sadly watching them turn to ashes.

"Good-bye, Jim," she whispered. "We could have had a wonderful life together!"

You can understand why a case of halitosis (bad breath) can cause a rift in a promising romance. And halitosis, unfortunately, can happen to anyone... even to you. So be extra careful about offending this way. And by being extra careful we mean rinsing the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, *and before every date when you want to be at your best.*

Although sometimes systemic in origin, most cases of halitosis, according to some authorities, are caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, and overcomes the odor it causes. So many fastidious people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Before every date let LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC look after your breath



 Tried the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with 25% more Lusterfoam? TASTE that zippy, minty flavor!

At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

(Advertisement)

PHOTOPLAY

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M·G·M'S RIP, RAH, ROARING MUSICAL!

COLOR BY

in gay sparkling **TECHNICOLOR!**

GOOD

it's the **BEST NEWS** of the **NEW YEAR!**

NEWS

Joyous June as the kissable co-ed, with an eye for a certain guy . . . and it's tall-and-handsome Peter Lawford.



Look who's in it! . . . songster Mel Tormé "The Lazy Voice."

M-m-m-meet that McCracken girl! The swing-ing-stepping star of Broadway's big hit "Oklahoma."

8

TERRIFIC SONG HITS including

"Lucky In Love" • "Good News"
"Just Imagine" • "He's A Lady's Man"
"Varsity Drag" • "The Best Things In Life Are Free"

JUNE
ALLYSON
PETER
LAWFORD

PATRICIA
MARSHALL · McCRACKEN
RAY McDONALD · MEL TORME

Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • Based on the Musical Comedy by LAWRENCE SCHWAB • LEW BROWN
FRANK MANDEL • B. G. De SYLVA • RAY HENDERSON
DIRECTED BY

CHARLES WALTERS · ARTHUR FREED

A METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER PICTURE



HELEN GILMORE

IN MEMORIAM

PHOTOPLAY has lost its editor, Helen Gilmore, dead of acute leukemia. From these pages goes a gentle warmth and the vitality of a woman whose strength was in her certainty that the human race was good.

Helen Gilmore's assumption of the editorship of Photoplay brought motion pictures a new champion, a forthright editor who spoke out when a film was open to needed criticism and who fought with equal intensity to create public interest in those other films that held high value. No one was more certain that an explanation could be found for the most discouraging behavior of an individual nor more reluctant to admit when she had erred on the side of generosity.

This brilliant editing had strong roots in years of association with the theatrical and literary worlds. Helen knew the life

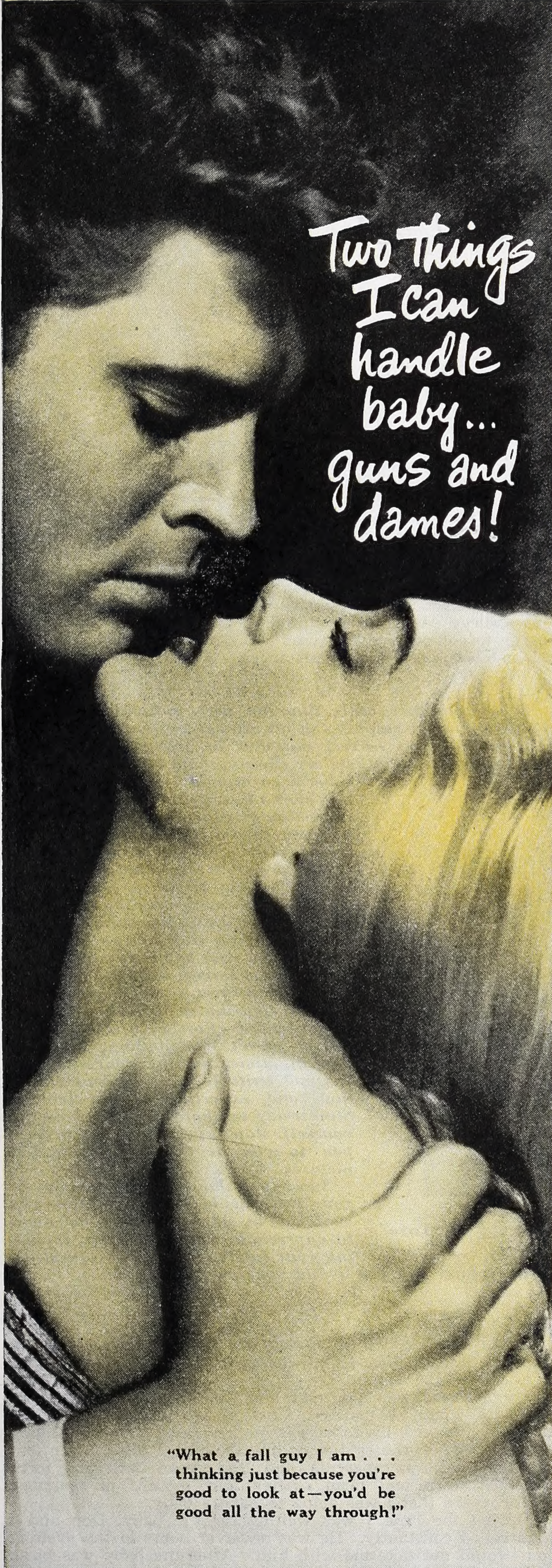
of the chorus, of stock company touring, of weekly magazine publishing and of free lance contribution to national magazines.

In the golden lode of friendship to be found in such life Helen formed the foundations for companionship with hundreds of the famous and the obscure and never cared whether in these friendships it was all in the giving and never in the taking.

All whose daily assignment it was to work with Helen found in her some new meaning in friendliness. Those of us of Photoplay to whom Helen has entrusted the task of continuing publication are the most indebted for having known her. From her we learned the lesson of succoring the weak, of seeking the ounce of good in the pound of dross, of being angry only with the strong, of believing in the ultimate purpose of mankind.

In her memory, such is our dedication.

Fred Sammis



*Two Things
I can
handle
baby...
guns and
dames!*

"What a fall guy I am . . .
thinking just because you're
good to look at—you'd be
good all the way through!"

**BURT
LANCASTER**

And

**LIZABETH
SCOTT**

In

HAL WALLIS'

Production

**"I WALK
ALONE"**

With

**WENDELL COREY
KIRK DOUGLAS
KRISTINE MILLER**

And

George Rigaud • Marc Lawrence
Mike Mazurki • Mickey Knox

Byron Haskin

Directed by • Screenplay by
Charles Schnee • Adaptation by Robert Smith
and John Bright • Based upon an original
play "Beggars Are Coming to Town" by
Theodore Reeves • Produced on the Stage by
Oscar Serlin • A Paramount Picture

What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am twenty-seven, have a good job which I have held for six years and live at home with my parents. I am an only child.

Some time ago I met, in the course of my work, a man who is twenty years my senior. We have known one another long enough now to be quite certain that we enjoy one another's company. We have many traits in common, our enthusiasms and aversions seem to coincide.

When I first began to accept the invitations of this man my parents made no objection. However, now that they suspect that I am growing fond of him, they do not want me to see him again. They are resorting to threats and coercion.

I think that I love this man. Even if we are not sure now that marriage is in the future for us, I would like to continue to see him, get to know him better and make my own decision. I would like to feel that I have the freedom to work out my own problems.

Do you think the age problem would be insurmountable in marriage? Do you think my parents have the right to continue to make my decisions for me? What would you do in my place to secure harmony?

Mary

It seems to me that the first and most important problem in your life is the resolving of the conflict between you and your parents. Because you are twenty-seven, and because your letter indicates a steady and logical mind, I think you should assert yourself.

Of course you love your parents; of course they love you. But theirs is plainly a possessive love, concerned with maintaining the unbroken circle of the family, in preference to letting you develop normally.

Have a quiet talk with your parents. Tell them that you are an adult, capable of making your own decisions. Explain that you love them and your home and that you want to remain with them until you marry, but add that unless you are treated as a reasonable woman, you intend to live apart from them.

As for your relationship with this man, I believe that time will settle that. Wait another year before reaching a decision. Some of the happiest marriages are between people of divergent ages; and on the other hand, divorce records are full of what the newspapers like to call "May and December" marriage calamities. The success of the venture depends upon the character of the marriage partners.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

What would you do if you were young, attractive, had a good figure, normal intelligence, and still couldn't get a man?

No, I don't have crossed-eyes, bowlegs, knock-knees—just a few college degrees which I never even mention unless someone finds out about them. Fellows seem to like me until they discover my "intellectual past" and then they

spend a few weeks telling me that they're not good enough for me and eventually disappear.

I'm not a book worm by any means. I love parties and dancing and sports like tennis, badminton, swimming, etc.

I could follow at least two careers in which I would probably be successful, but I'm just not a career woman at heart. I like to cook, sew and take care of a house. I'd love to have a home and a family of my own.

I can't make up my mind whether to burn up all evidence of a college education and pretend to be ignorant from now on, or to convince myself that men aren't so important after all and become a successful career woman.

"Just Call Me Jinx"

I have discussed this situation with a number of men whose opinion I respect and all are agreed that your education (unless you correct mistakes in grammar in public, give lectures when others are clowning and having fun, or in general go around letting your sheepskin show) has nothing to do with your conviction of your unpopularity. All of the men agreed that an educated wife nowadays is a simple necessity.

Men probably think that you are too eager. Nothing frightens the average man so much as the feeling that he is being stalked by a determined female with a wedding ring in one hand.

Most men your age have seen service in the armed forces; most of them have a healthy respect for the human being who contributes his or her share to the universal effort of life.

You aren't contributing. You are marking time, making yourself nervous and irritable, wasting your education, and expecting to be claimed. Stop trying too hard, stop condemning yourself, stop expecting things to happen to you as they do in motion pictures.

Surely you should get busy on one of your two possible careers. When you work side by side with a man he comes to appreciate your true worth, including your intellect and your education.

Keep busy and you'll find your own happiness.

Claudette Colbert.

Dear Miss Colbert:

I was married two years ago when I was seventeen. My mother, sisters, friends—all tried to tell me to wait, but I knew it all. I refused.

My husband was a farmer and didn't go to camp as we expected when we married. Instead he took me out to the farm to live with his folks. His mother and I didn't get along at all, so when she said something hateful, I left. After that we lived with my parents, and Don drove back and forth between town and farm. After four months of marriage I discovered that I was going to have a baby.

During the time I was waiting for the baby, Don and I quarrelled constantly. He was never at home in the evening but would not take me with him. After the baby was born, my mother could not stand the (Continued on page 8)



Claudette Colbert, of "Sleep, My Love"



**DENNIS
MORGAN**



*as a divil with an
ear for a tune and an eye
for a wild Irish Rose!*

Warner Bros. Big Parade of Color, Comedy and Dancin' Colleens!

"MY WILD IRISH ROSE"
It's Magnificent! color by **TECHNICOLOR**

The swellest
love story ever
told... and
16 SONGS
that will never
grow old!



with a giant musical cast and

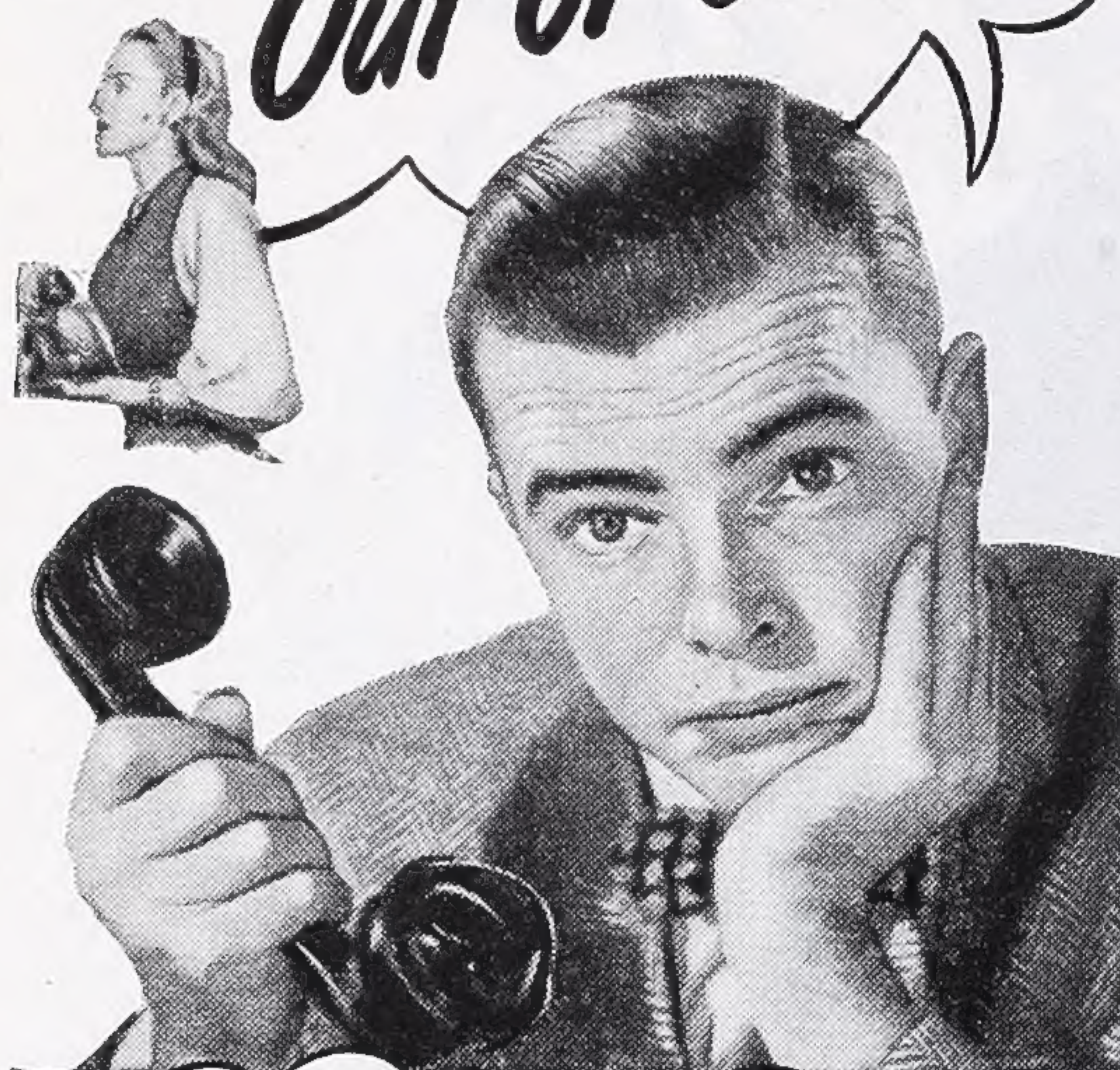
ARLENE DAHL • ANDREA KING • ALAN HALE • GEORGE TOBIAS • GEORGE O'BRIEN • BEN BLUE • SARA ALLGOOD

Directed by **DAVID BUTLER**

Screen Play by Peter Milne • Based upon a Book by Rita Olcott
Musical Numbers Orchestrated and Conducted by Ray Heindorf

Produced by **WILLIAM JACOBS**

My Line Must be Out of Order!



WEEPERS!
ALL I SEEM TO RATE
WITH WENDY IS A
BUSY SIGNAL OR A
CUT-OFF!

EVEN YOUR LINE
WON'T WORK WHEN
YOU'VE GOT A BAD
BREATH BUZZ AGAINST
YOU, PETE! SO
SMARTEN UP. DIAL
OUR DENTIST!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



NOW MY LINE
IS WORKING FINE!

COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before
every date

(Continued from page 6) presence of a small child, so Don bought one of his father's farms and we moved out there. His father financed it and is charging his own son four per cent interest on the money. We also had to borrow money from Don's father to buy our furniture. Of eight hundred dollars we have been able to repay only three hundred.

When Don complained that I was extravagant, we fought and he knocked me down, so I left him and went back home. Now, one of my old boy friends is out of the Navy. I like him very much, and would like to marry him except that I have no money to get a divorce. Besides, Don threatens to take the baby away from me and my Navy boy friend says perhaps that is best. He is going on to school, so he won't have much money.

I am fed up with the whole cockeyed mess. My mother even says that I must get a job to take care of myself and to make some plans for the baby's future. Sometimes I get so blue I could just die. I wish you could think of some way out for me.

Janet B.

It is quite easy to tell you what to do, but I'm afraid you won't care for the advice.

First of all, you must grow up. You must realize a number of things: Life is not easy or simple or without responsibility for anyone. You are a mother, so you must accept the obligations of motherhood. One of those obligations is the proper care and training of your child so that he may mature into a well-balanced, useful citizen. Juvenile delinquency is the direct result of neglect, lack of a loving home, lack of parental interest.

In your letter you have not criticized your husband in any way except to say that he struck you when the two of you got into an argument. That was, of course, a shameful thing for him to have done. However, it is entirely possible for a childish, selfish, nagging, complaining wife to drive a man to murder. I do not—by the remotest stretch of the imagination—condone physical violence of any kind. I am simply saying that it does occur.

When you married your husband, you must have considered yourself very deeply and desperately in love with him if you were so determined to marry him in spite of the advice of family and friends.

Now, you must summon up all your fondness, your memory of good times together, your young devotion to this man who is the father of your child. Forget this Navy boy who has troubles enough of his own without assuming your burden, too. Go back to your husband, having the grace to ask him to forgive you and to help you build a happy home in which to rear your child.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and a junior in high school. I get along well in school with the teachers and the pupils; but the place I want to get along in, I can't. I mean home.

My father was killed during the war and my mother remarried. We did not get along too well before my father went away and now we don't get along at all.

I am a second child. My older sister used to be my mother's favorite. Mother paid her tuition through beauty college and set her up in business; after a few months my sister decided to give up the shop and get married, which caused us financial loss.

Here comes my problem. My mother is expecting a baby next month and she plans, after the baby is born, for me to take care of it. When my dad died I took care of my younger sisters until they were

put out with some friends to board.

I have a good job after school, and I want to keep this so that I can save my money and put myself through art school. My art teacher has encouraged me, saying that I have talent.

My mother says I will have to give up my job because she wants to go back to work, so I will have to take care of that baby, keep house after school, prepare meals, etc.

Can you tell me what to do? I'm so sick of taking care of my mother's children.

Thea W.

If I have analyzed your problem correctly, I think it narrows down to one simple worry: How to continue your art studies while keeping house and taking care of a baby. You are afraid that the two can't possibly be combined.

I believe that it will be possible for you to develop your talent while running the household for your mother. Borrow from your public library every available book on art technique and art theory; read these between household tasks.

Then, begin to sketch household scenes.

If you will go through art museums, you will be struck by the number of both modern and classical canvases which deal with simple, homely subjects. After you have prepared the vegetables for the evening meal, you might sketch them in their bowls against a bright bit of curtain or a vivid platter.

But, best of all, that new baby can be your favorite model. Sketch the child as it sleeps, as it takes its bottle, as it begins to notice bright objects and to reach for them. Make rough sketches of the baby's hands, and keep the sketches for further use.

You see, Thea, being able to interpret everything one sees is the responsibility of the artist. A painting is nothing but a picture comment on the world. A painting may say, "Green beans in a yellow bowl beside a roast ready for the oven explain the bounty of nature." Or it may say, "I have a little brother whose hands are dimpled and whose eyes are big and shining."

An art school represents only one way in which to develop talent; there are many others. It is up to you to find them, and you'll be a better, more skillful craftsman for having developed your own technique.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am thirty and have been interested in acting for as long as I can remember. I have always wanted to "be somebody," to amount to something, to make a lot of money for the benefit of my parents who are simple people who have always worked hard.

I am only five feet tall; I weigh around a hundred pounds. I have never had any dramatic training. I don't play any musical instrument and I don't sing, but I feel such powerful emotions throbbing through my brain that I am positive I can act.

Recently I read that it is a wise thing to have a test made of one's features and voice by a branch of a major film studio. The ad suggested that I write for an appointment in a major city where recording devices and cameras were kept. I lost this address, so I wonder if you can supply the address of the branch nearest my home.

Can you give me any encouragement?

Marva K.

I must say candidly that I cannot give you very much encouragement.

Embarking upon a dramatic career, presents the novice with problems, re-
(Continued on page 10)

At Last on the Screen!

THE SHORT STORY

sensation in Reader's Digest!



THE BEST SELLER

more than a million loved!



THE BROADWAY HIT

that ran nearly 2 years!



**THE TEMPESTS, TEARS, LAUGHTER
AND LOVE OF THE FAMILY YOU'LL
NEVER FORGET...**

You'll love MAMA... with her very secret
Bank Account!

You'll adore KATRIN... as you share
her wonderful dreams!

You'll howl at UNCLE CHRIS... the
gruff, tough family black sheep!

And, oh, that "UNCLE ELIZABETH..."
who always scrapped
...and never won!

DORE SCHARY presents

IRENE DUNNE

in **GEORGE STEVENS'** production of

"I REMEMBER MAMA"

co-starring

BARBARA BEL GEDDES

OSCAR HOMOLKA · PHILIP DORN

with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · EDGAR BERGEN · RUDY VALLEE · BARBARA O'NEIL

Executive producer and director **GEORGE STEVENS** • Produced by **HARRIET PARSONS**

Screen play by **DeWITT BODEEN** • Based upon the play by **JOHN VAN DRUTEN**





HERE is a simply delicious way to prepare prunes. You'll be delighted. It takes longer than other methods, but the results are worth it! Perhaps you will want to bake your prunes when you are cooking an oven dinner, thus saving time and trouble.



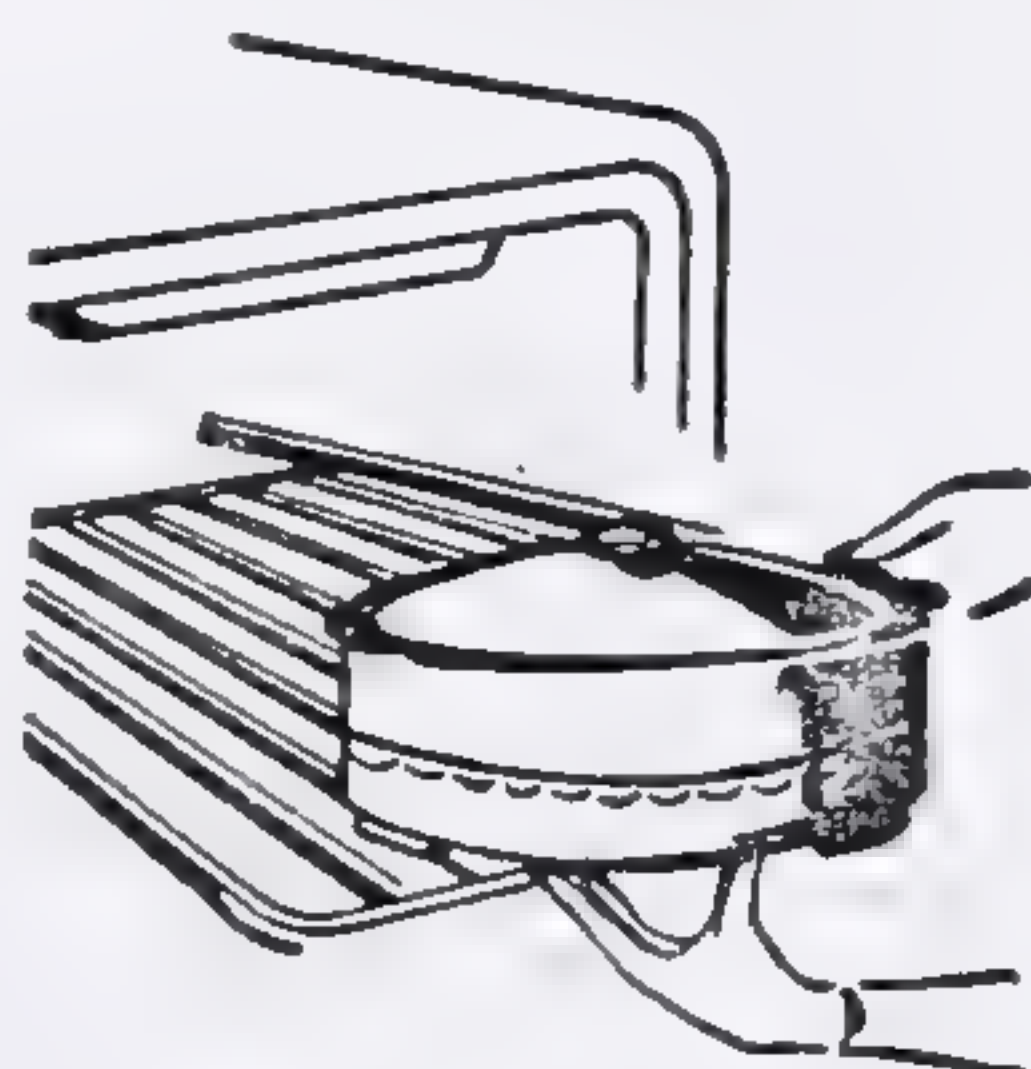
I start with a carton of SUNSWEET Prunes, because they're "Tenderized", rich in flavor, and need no soaking.

I rinse the prunes in cold water . . . place the desired quantity in a casserole and cover completely with cold water.



Then I sprinkle with 2 tablespoons sugar, top with 2 center slices of orange or lemon, rind and all, and add 1 piece stick cinnamon.

Now . . . I cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F) 1½ hours, and cool without removing cover. Finally I chill and serve.



SUNSWEET Prunes are tree-ripened for sweetness and flavor, "Tenderized" for quick-cooking and better eating, sealed in foil cartons for perfect protection, packed by the growers themselves.



California Prune & Apricot Growers Assn.
San Jose, California

SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes, Apricots and Peaches . . . also SUNSWEET Prune Juice

(Continued from page 8)
sponsibilities and competitions greater than he or she has ever before encountered.

Approximately fifty per cent of the young population would like to enter the dramatic field. With so many people vying for places, those who win must possess many exceptional qualifications.

Perhaps there is a little theater group in your town. Why not join them and gain some real experience. You don't need to star. Work on the scenery. Do office work. Secure small parts in the plays, walk-ons, etc. Many people in the theater and screen started that way, working in their spare time and continuing their regular work during the day.

As for a branch of some major film studio making voice and camera tests of you without having become interested in your dramatic ability or possibilities in advance—I'm afraid it is another fly-by-night scheme. I know of no such branch offices. If a major studio is interested in you, the studio representative will be able to identify himself to your local banker. Don't spend money on tests.

In regard to your wanting to "be somebody," don't ever doubt your own importance as a human being. You have your work in this world; you have your place.

Have confidence in your importance as a human being. You are somebody. Be happy in that knowledge and find some way—in your own home town—to contribute something to general welfare.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a Chinese boy and often like to read American movie picture publications. In our country the feudal system is very heavy. Every boy and girl is lacking in freedom in the home. When I was seven years, I left our village and followed my father to everywhere to help him make his work, but I am reading in school when I can do it. We are not gone back to our home in six years.

Two weeks ago we received a letter coming from my mother, the important section was said: "I have already engaged to marry for you, and command you come home to marry this year."

Since that time how troubled I am. In the country of China most girls are never in school to gain knowledge. They can't read books. Especially this girl, I don't know who she is. I never see her yet. My father is not agree my mother's opinion because I am only seventeen years and should wait that I graduate in college than be married.

What should I do? Can you think of some nice way in which I can tell my mother that I must marry a nice girl who is in love with me and can write to me letters and share books with me.

This is the first time in my life that I write a letter in English. Please correct the mistakes and forgive me.

Shu-Yee C.

I have not changed your letter but have published it exactly as it was written. If this is your first letter in English, I must say that you are to be congratulated. It is a fine letter.

Your problem is a very real one, and one that occurs here in the United States many, many times in the lives of children who are adopting a way of life somewhat different from that followed by their parents.

One of the most difficult tasks of growing up is that of retaining one's own personality, making use of the good new things that have been developed in a generation of progress, yet protecting the sensibilities of one's parents and making

use of the good old things in which the parents believe.

Would it be possible for you to visit your mother and to meet the girl she has selected for you? Would it be possible—without violating your mother's respect for convention—for you to talk to this girl, get to know her, yet still not marry her unless you are certain that she is the right girl for you?

Perhaps she thirsts for knowledge as much as you do. Perhaps she would like to learn to read and to write, not only Chinese, but English as well.

Since your father understands your attitude, perhaps you could make arrangements with him to send for you if you decide that marriage to your mother's selection would be a mistake.

Please know that I make these suggestions in a spirit of humility proper for one who knows very little of Chinese conventions, yet one who admires and respects the Chinese people.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My brother, Lt. Louis E. Raffety, of the paratroopers, was killed in Holland on September, 1944. One of the last persons to see him alive was a close friend and fellow officer, Lt. William P. McMullen.

He wrote us the details of my brother's death and continued to correspond with my family and with me. He became very dear to us and we felt that he was an adopted brother. He wired my mother in September of 1945, saying that he had landed in Boston and was on his way to visit us.

Since that date we have received no further word from him. Our only information about him is that his home was in Albany, New York.

My husband has attempted in many ways to secure information about "Mac" as we called him, but all avenues have proved to be dead-end streets.

If any of your readers know where Lt. McMullen is now, or what has become of him, I would be deeply appreciative of the information.

Mrs. Virginia R. Spence
218 East Sixth Avenue
Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

I do hope that you will receive some news as soon as Photoplay is distributed. Will you please let me know?

Claudette Colbert

Have you a problem
which seems to have
no solution?

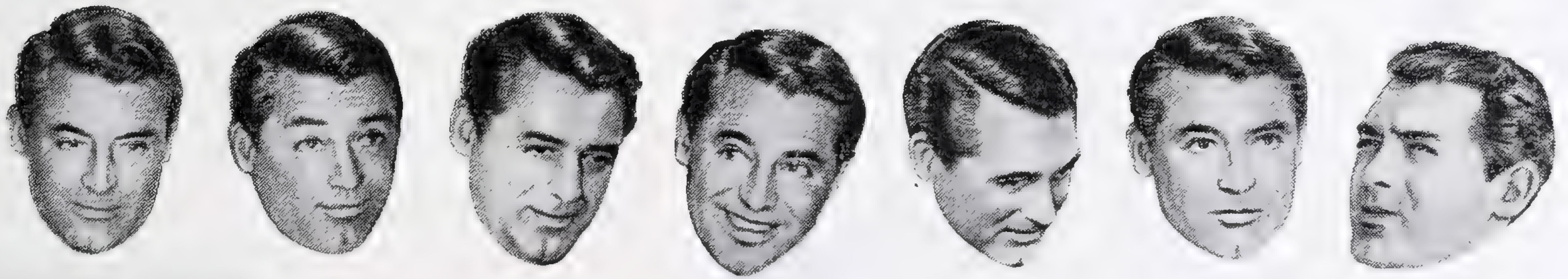
Would you like the thoughtful
advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn who brought you "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty", now presents a heart-warming comedy — "The Bishop's Wife."



Cary Grant ... an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.



Loretta Young the bishop's wife — thought the ideas were good!



David Niven the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife ... a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking ... every husband smiling and wondering ... and every sweetheart? ???

with **MONTY WOOLLEY**

JAMES GLEASON • GLADYS COOPER • ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR

Directed by **HENRY KOSTER**

Screen Play by
Robert E. Sherwood & Leonardo Bercovici

From the Novel by
Robert Nathan

Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.



Laughter was king when Carlton Alsop, Sylvia Sidney, Judy Garland and husband Vincente Minnelli dined together at Ciro's

INSIDE STUFF



Romantic duo? Doris Day under the big hat, Jack Carson under the big smile

A Line or Two: Ingrid Bergman in a coat of mail, riding across the RKO lot, is a sight to stop traffic. And despite her role of Joan of Arc the lovely Ingrid still maintains her sense of humor. When her horse insisted on going to the left of a tree each time instead of the right, she called to the director, "He just wants to take a short cut and save expenses" . . . How Orson Welles broke an eardrum and Merle Oberon sustained a broken jaw are still topics of lively conversation in Hollywood. Talk about mysteries . . . Cesar Romero on an island off the coast of Maine for "Spoonhandle" couldn't be more homesick, but Dana Andrews with the same company couldn't be happier. With all that fishing, Dana is in his glory . . . The reason Claudette Colbert was suddenly replaced by Katharine Hepburn in "State of the Union" is said to be because Claudette insisted on stopping each day at five. Some say the real reason goes beyond that . . . Bob Walker worries his friends with the mental unhappiness that keeps him from the screen.

Enjoyed Recently: A night at Ciro's with Peter Lawford enjoying the mimicry of Larry Storch. And Pete and Cal for days afterwards exchanging Larry's wonderful line of "Aw don't be on the 'orrid side" . . . The magnificent mural painted on the wall of Hartzfeld's, the smart Kansas City shop, by the great artist Thomas Benton . . . The ice cream sodas at Dee's Pharmacy in the little town of Lee's Summit, Missouri, and the dinner party given by Freida and Lester Siegle at "the station" in Kansas City . . . Chatting by phone with Audrey Totter, off for her home town in Indiana, and promising to have dinner soon with her and best beau Lew



Margaret O'Brien, Van Johnson at opening of Hollywood's Hall of Fame in Egyptian Theater. Here bronze heads of stars decorate the walls—just as their footprints decorate the sidewalk in front of the Chinese Theater

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



Taking their fun seriously: The Jackie Coopers and Peter Lawford at Metro's bowling tournament. Each team is sponsored by a star

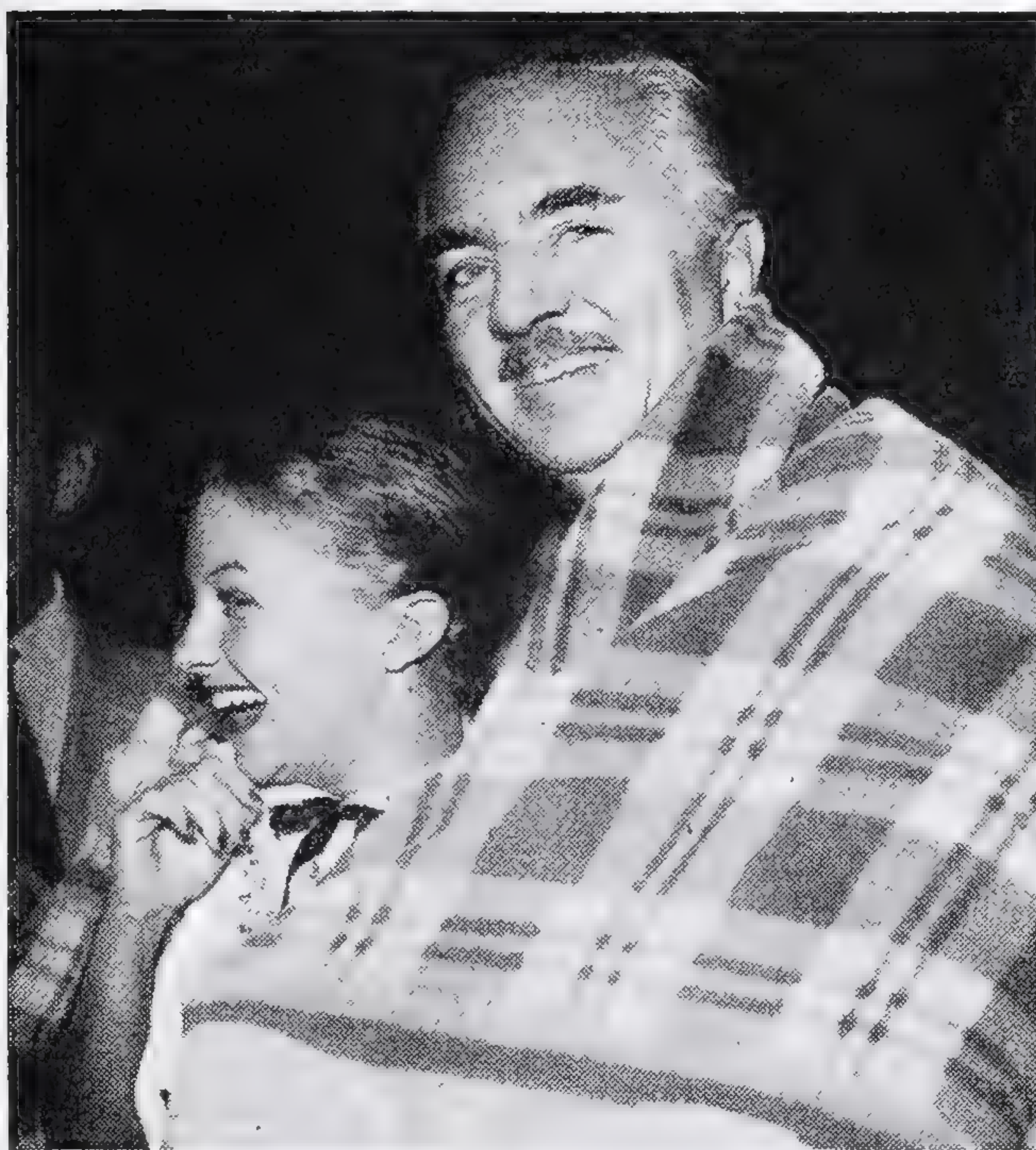
No chills at the Ice Follies for Diana Lewis and her Bill Powell

Ayres . . . The warm farewell kiss from Cobina Wright off for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Philip Mountbatten (Cobina's good friend) and extracting a promise of hearing all about it when Cobina returns.

Little Things: When Betty Grable has her nightly massage, daughter Vicki—not quite three—who loves to imitate mama, insists on her evening rubdown, too. The masseuse is so crazy about the child she arrives five minutes early just to play-act at giving a massage to Vicki . . . It's bad luck time for Gene Kelly, whose outspoken views at actors' meetings haven't won him too many friends. And now with a broken ankle and "Easter Parade" held up for months, he couldn't be bluer . . . On Paul Brinkman Jr.'s six-month birthday, his father carried him to the set of "You Were Meant For Me" to see mama Jeanne Crain, done up as a teen-ager, do the "Lindy Hop" . . . A sign on a roadside eating place has the town in hysterics. It advertises "Forever 'Am-burger" . . . After going blonde for a year for her role of *Amber* and having steadily to bleach her hair all through her European trip in case of retakes, Linda Darnell rushed into the studio make-up room and happily cried, "Get back my dark hair." Next day Linda was ordered to remain a blonde for "Walls of Jericho."

Together and Apart: It was let's-get-together-again month for all those quarreling couples in Hollywood, who may be at this time, for all Cal knows, feudin' and fussin' again.

The Mark Stevens reconciliation was the most discussed with Mark giving out some pretty heady statements on Hedy Lamarr, his ex-flame.

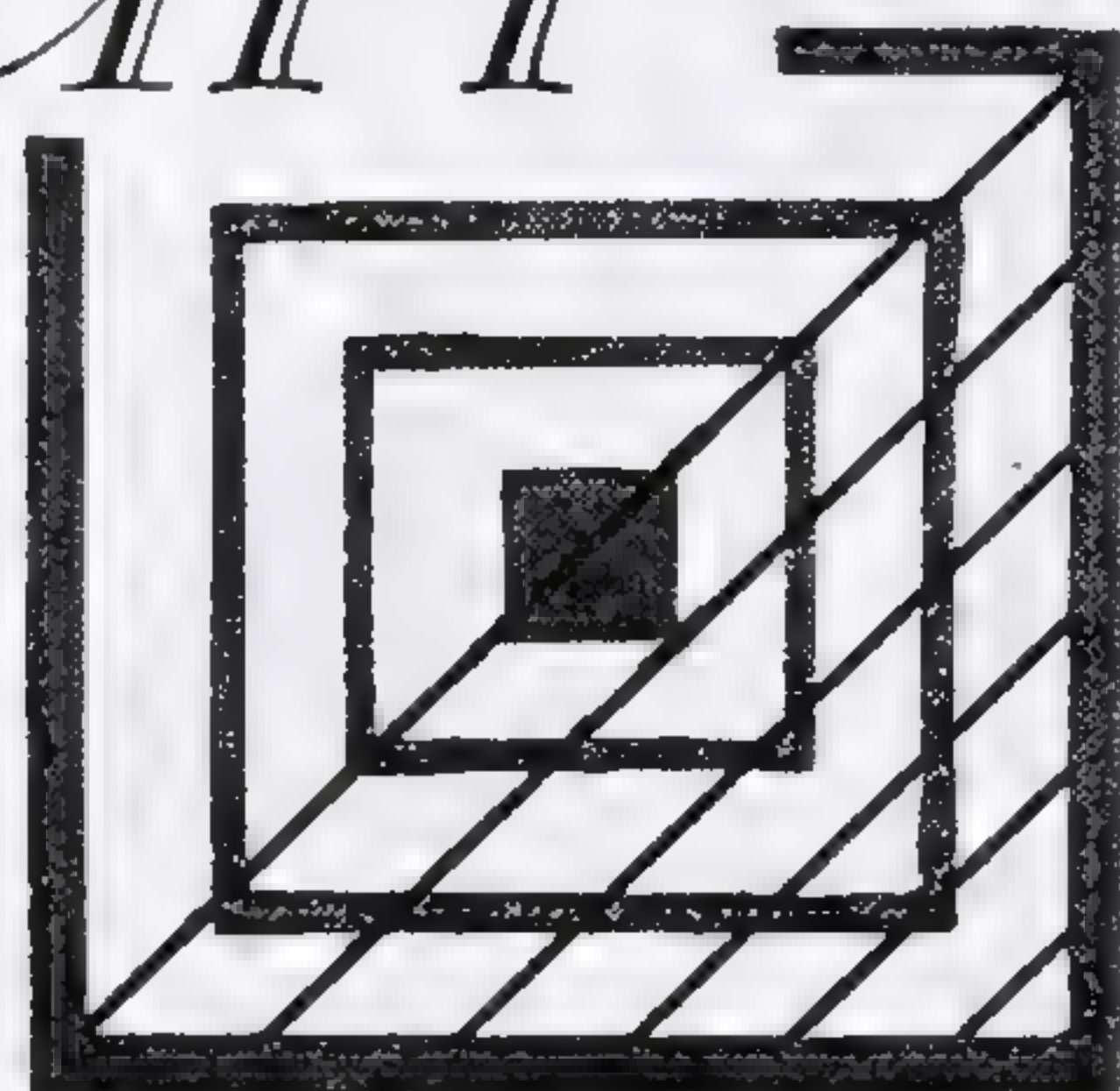


Accent on married bliss: Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan romancing at Ciro's

*Photographs by
Fink and Smith*



INSIDE STUFF



Gleesome threesome: Alan Ladd, Red Skelton, Jerry Colonna at "Variety Girl" benefit premiere for Variety Clubs, which help underprivileged children



Mary Hatcher, Billy DeWolfe keep fun ball rolling at same benefit. Proceeds will build youth center on Los Angeles' East Side

"If she persuaded me to return to my wife, Annelle, as she says, why does she keep calling me up?" Mark demanded out loud in print. "I went back to Annelle of my own accord," he continued, while people tch-tched all over the place.

"It was my fault, all my fault," Cornel Wilde exclaimed when he and Pat were finally reunited. The only tragedy connected with the fighting Wildes, who have fought divinely all through their marriage, is that now they have money to separate when the fur flies.

Jess Barker was quiet, however, when he returned to wife Susan Hayward and their twins.

Not at all surprised was the town over Leland Hayward's announcement that he and actress Margaret Sullavan had parted, for Leland has been seen around these parts quite often in the company of Mrs. Howard Hawks.

Those House Problem Blues: Just before he left for Africa, Tyrone Power purchased director Henry Hathaway's home in Brentwood and left the decorating and furnishings in the hands of Lana Turner. It seemed a fairly simple task until plumbers and painters, drapers and carpenters, found new and perplexing problems with which to confront the busy star, who was trying to finish "Homecoming," pose for endless days of portrait stills, and prepare for a personal appearance tour. And yet somehow, it all got done and done beautifully, only if Lana never sees another yard of material she'll be happy.

The Richard Greenes, who recently bought a new home near (Continued on page 16)



Look again: Betty Hutton with new hair-do, and attentive husband Ted Briskin



An "A" production: Proud papa Lou Costello with daughter Christine Helene and the beaming Mrs. Lou



A Lux broadcast of their picture "Undercurrent" brought Robert Taylor and Katharine Hepburn together

Her washday drudgery ends HERE.

Mary Williams visits a "LAUNDERETTE" store.

MY BACK IS BREAKING... I'M GOING TO TAKE THE REST OF THIS WASH OVER TO THE "LAUNDERETTE" AND TRY IT OUT RIGHT NOW



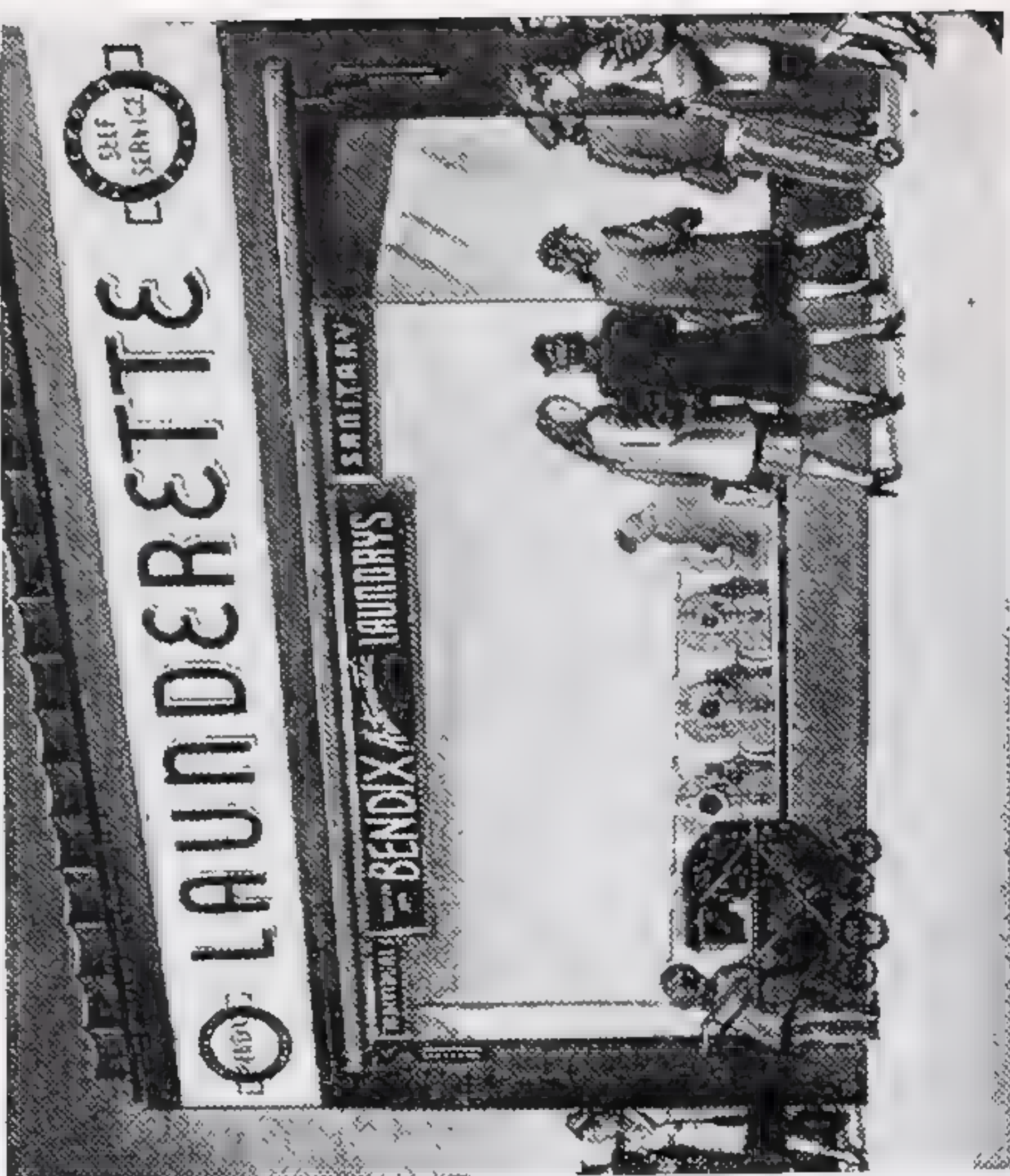
IS THAT ALL I DO? THE BENDIX WASHES, RINSES 3 TIMES, AND DRIES EVERYTHING BY ITSELF? I MIGHT AS WELL FINISH UP MY DAY'S SHOPPING AND SAVE TIME!



IMAGINE. ONLY 30 MINUTES TO GET A WHOLE WEEK'S WASH SWEET, CLEAN AND SANITARY! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD I TRIED MY NEIGHBORHOOD "LAUNDERETTE" SELF-SERVICE LAUNDRY STORE!



"Lauderette" is a trademark of Telecoin Corp., 12 E. 44th St., New York 17, N.Y., and assures you of Telecoin Certified Service. Write for ideas on how to start a profitable self-service business of your own.



(Continued from page 15) Mulholland Drive, decided on a few repairs and changes and summoned a contractor. To their astonishment, every morning at seven, three carpenters, two plasterers, three painters and an electrician arrived at the house. All day long the busy crew trekked endlessly in and out, tearing down, putting up, until the dogs, Bruce and Amber, had conniption fits. "American efficiency," the Greenes called it, and seemed quite intrigued.

The Brinkmans, Paul and wife Jeanne Crain, are living in their new home with only two couches in the living room (not another stick of furniture), no drapes, and only one bedroom half furnished. With one entire bedroom wall of glass and no drapes, friends are wondering just how the Brinkmans manage to find privacy. But both Jeanne and Paul maintain that until they can get exactly what they want and at prices they can afford—the furnishings will have to wait.

Photographers' Ball: Ciro's was jammed to the doors for the costume ball given by the Hollywood Press Photographers. The boys who click their cam-

eras at the stars really outdid themselves.

Lana Turner as a Tartar miss, in dark make-up and jeweled trousers, and Keenan Wynn as a Tartar gent sat with Cal at a table edging the dance floor. Nearby at quite the liveliest table in the place sat Mickey Rooney, Dave Rose and Donald O'Connor as Keystone Cops. The gang had driven up in an old patrol wagon with their wives and the clowning never ceased. As a broken-down high silk-hatted bum, Bob Hope, with a bow tie that lit up, was a howlingly funny master of ceremonies and Jack Benny, in red underwear and blue denim overalls, simply rolled the customers under the table as leader of a hillbilly band. His child bride and Rochester, with home-made cymbals, were killing. That parody song sung by the photographers and kidding the stars should be recorded. To reveal the good feeling between the boys who snap their pictures and the stars, Bob Hope had his writers write the lyrics, rehearsed for two days with the camera boys, and had David Street teach them how to present the song.

(Continued on page 19)

Counterplay: George Murphy tries a fast pass on Dane Clark at Schwab's Drugstore, a favorite hang-out of the stars



INSIDE STUFF

Mocambo Special: Joan Crawford and Tony Martin pair off for an evening of fun



Brief Reviews

ADVENTURE ISLAND—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: The plot from Stevenson's "Ebb Tide" and the acting's by that picturesque young couple Rory Calhoun and Rhonda Fleming. (Oct.)

BLACK GOLD—Allied Artists: Anthony Quinn as Charley Eagle is such a nice Indian. Katherine De Mille, as his wife, has too much of an Oxford accent to be convincing, but you may still warm to the affairs of Charley and his Chinese protege. (Oct.)

✓ **BLACK NARCISSUS**—Rank-Universal: This is a strange movie based on Rumer Godden's strange book about some nuns up in the Himalayas. Kathleen Bryon may give you some shudders but Deborah Kerr is too restrained to be outstanding. (Oct.)

✓ **BODY AND SOUL**—Enterprise-UA: Something more than just another prize-fight story with John Garfield shaking everything out of his role and Lilli Palmer as the prettier side of the picture. No hearts-and-flowers story; the punches are delivered straight; and you won't want to miss Canada Lee. (Nov.)

CARAVAN—Eagle-Lion: This has a plot straight out of one of Grandma's old novels with Stewart Granger running into a long line of cut-throats in old Spain. Ann Crawford is the beflounged heroine and Dennis Price the monocle-twirling cad. (Nov.)

✓✓ **CROSSFIRE**—RKO: An A-1 movie, dealing with plain facts and plain people—and the touchy subject of intolerance, in an intelligent and courageous manner. Robert Ryan and Robert Mitchum excellent as two soldiers poles apart in their ideas. Robert Young solves the murder. (Oct.)

DARK PASSAGE, THE—Warners: Some plastic surgery features in this. Lauren Bacall exchanges weighted glances with convict Humphrey Bogart who's on the lam; Agnes Moorehead and Bruce Bennett try hard to keep things in high gear. (Oct.)

✓ **DESIRE ME**—M-G-M: With Greer Garson to infuse fresh life into the old Enoch Arden theme and Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart to help her, this drama-drenched romance, calculated to stir the emotions, has plenty of punch. Garson portrays a French woman awaiting soldier-husband Mitchum's return from war only to have fellow-prisoner Hart show up in his place. (Dec.)

✓ **FOXES OF HARROW, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Set in New Orleans of 1830, this conventional costume drama has Rex Harrison playing an Irish adventurer turned country gentleman and Maureen O'Hara as a proud beauty who spurns his love. Richard Haydn, Victor McLaglen, and Gene Lockhart complete a fine cast but, as usual, romantic Rex steals the spotlight. (Dec.)

✓✓ **FRIEDA**—Universal-International: That man Rank is here again with another good film on an up-to-the-minute subject. *Frieda* is a German war bride who comes home to trouble in a British village with Flora Robson, David Farrar and Glynis Johns helping you to make up your mind just what you would have done. (Nov.)

✓ **GOLDEN EARRINGS**—Paramount: Quentin Reynolds plays himself to track down the story of why British Colonel Ray Milland's ears are pierced. It's some story, featuring Marlene Dietrich as a dirty-faced gypsy and Murvyn Vye as a chorister. (Oct.)

✓ **HER HUSBAND'S AFFAIRS**—Columbia: A light touch of nonsense about the married life of Lucille Ball and Franchot Tone, this has some big laughs about bigger black beards and Edward Everett Horton. Larry Parks bows in briefly. (Oct.)

✓✓ **KISS OF DEATH**—20th Century-Fox: Mature entertainment with Victor Mature coming through a blue-ribbon actor in a realistic new-type gangster film. Richard Widmark and Coleen Gray are two new faces you won't forget. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LIFE WITH FATHER**—Warners: *Father* practically ran Broadway for six years and now, thanks to a brilliant performance by William Powell, he's taking over the movie audiences. Irene Dunne is *Mother* and Elizabeth Taylor mixes sweetly with the four sons. On your don't miss file. (Nov.)

✓ **LOUISIANA**—Monogram: Here's a farm-to-governor's-mansion saga with Louisiana real-life governor Jimmie Davis as the central figure and Margaret Lindsay playing his wife. The plot scampers around, trying to make the most of Jimmy's odd politico-crooning career, but not, alas, succeeding very well. (Dec.)

✓ **MAGIC TOWN**—RKO: Everybody will see this because Jimmy Stewart's wandering around in it as a public-opinion expert who comes up against small-town philosophy expounded by Jane Wyman. (Nov.)

PROCTER & GAMBLE
PRESENTS

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Exciting **PRELL** REMOVES DANDRUFF
IN AS LITTLE AS 3 MINUTES!

LEAVES HAIR *Radiantly* CLEAN *Radiantly* SMOOTH



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PRELL! The new emerald-clear *Radiant-Creme* shampoo with the wonderful patented cleansing ingredient. Prell leaves hair more radiant than *any* soap or soap shampoo, and leaves it free of ugly dandruff. Doctors' examinations *proved* that Prell removes embarrassing dandruff in as little as 3 minutes, and that regular Prell shampoos *control* such dandruff.

Prell-washed hair is so radiant, so smooth—so *manageable!* And that tube is so handy . . . no messy jars or slippery bottles to break. Get wonderful Prell today—the *whole family* will like it!

*T. M. REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF



DYNAMITE...CAVE-INS! FLAME AND FLOOD!

"I've tried to make myself live in this mad, violent world of yours . . .
but it's going to destroy me . . . and you . . . and turn our love into hatred!"



A spectacular saga . . . in the world's biggest setting!

JOHN WAYNE • LARAINÉ DAY

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IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with

**SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • JUDITH ANDERSON
JAMES GLEASON • ANTHONY QUINN**

Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE

Screen play by Borden Chase and John Twist



✓ **MERTON OF THE MOVIES**—M-G-M: Red Skelton takes over the famous *Merton* and brings him up to date in a nice little slapstick comedy. Virginia O'Brien keeps it all lighthearted and Alan Mowbray, Gloria Grahame and Leon Ames play around. (Oct.)

✓ **MOTHER WORE TIGHTS**—20th Century-Fox: Betty Grable and Dan Dailey step up in a light-hearted musical of the good old days. It's a family-type story with Mona Freeman and Connie Marshall as *Mother's* little girls and everybody pulling together to give you a nice look at some good dancing. (Nov.)

✓ **OUT OF THE BLUE**—Eagle-Lion: A pretty surprise in the way of a jovial comedy in which George Brent wins handclaps in his role of the husband henpecked by Carole Landis and picked on by Ann Dvorak. Turhan Bey's the romantic ticket. (Nov.)

✓ **OUT OF THE PAST**—RKO: This murder-packed meller has private detective Robert Mitchum attempting to outsmart his gambler-employer Kirk Douglas. All set to help him is Jane Greer who knows a thing or two about double-crossing. It takes some fast thinking and even faster stepping when the corpses begin piling around them. With Virginia Huston, Rhonda Fleming. (Dec.)

✓ **RIDE THE PINK HORSE**—Universal-International: Bob Montgomery learns revenge isn't always sweet and blackmailing's a bad business when he goes after gangster Fred Clark for the murder of a pal. Mixed up in these dangerous doings are government detective Art Smith, helpful Wanda Hendrix and Thomas Gomez, double-dealing Andrea King. A hard-hitting gangster film. (Dec.)

RED STALLION, THE—Eagle Lion: Small fry will probably love this business about a big horse named "Red" and his young owner Ted Donaldson who saves *Grandma's* ranch right at the last moment. Older audiences can pass with no regrets. (Oct.)

ROBIN HOOD OF TEXAS—Republic: This routine Western has Gene Autry fighting it out with some city slickers in a Texas town misnamed *Serenity*. Lynn Roberts, Sterling Holloway and the Cass County Boys lend a familiar note to the proceedings. (Dec.)

✓✓ **SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, THE**—Goldwyn: Danny Kaye turns up as the daydreaming *Mitty* of Thurber's famous short story and with the help of Fay Bainter, Ann Rutherford, Virginia Mayo and Boris Karloff makes this a leader. (Oct.)

✓ **SOMETHING IN THE WIND**—Universal-International: Deanna Durbin is a disk jockey eager to find out why John Dall thinks she was mixed up with his grandfather. There are some excellent songs as usual from Miss Durbin including a chuckleful duet with Jan Peerce. Donald O'Connor ducks in and out of this fairly interesting piece. (Oct.)

✓✓ **SONG OF LOVE**—M-G-M: Schumann's life is portrayed by Paul Henreid in a fascinating interest-rouser accented with great music with Katharine Hepburn as Mrs. Schumann, Robert Walker as Brahms, Henry Daniell as Liszt. You'll look and listen. (Nov.)

✓ **SPIRIT OF WEST POINT**—Film Classics: A field day for football fans with the "touchdown twins," Glenn Davis and "Doc" Blanchard, showing how it's done. The boys' careers at West Point are entertainingly depicted, but it's their thrilling gridiron performances that count here, including the exciting Army-Navy game of 1944. (Dec.)

SPRINGTIME IN THE SIERRAS—Republic: Some illegal hunters, shooting out of season, set off the action in this Roy Rogers film that has a horror-story touch when Roy is locked up in an icehouse. Stephanie Bachelor, Jane Frazee, Andy Devine and the Sons of the Pioneers lend their support in a picture that is not up to Roy's usual standard. (Dec.)

✓ **UNCONQUERED**—Paramount: If you like your history, as interpreted by Cecil B. De Mille, this Technicolor production of Indian war days is for you. Somewhat implausible, it nevertheless has plenty of hearty, old-fashioned action. An all-star cast includes Gary Cooper, Paulette Goddard, Boris Karloff, Howard Da Silva, Katherine De Mille. (Dec.)

✓ **UNFINISHED DANCE, THE**—M-G-M: Margaret O'Brien's about the nicest little ballerina floating around. Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth are prima-donnas with ease and all the proceedings have a delightful Technicolor storybook touch. (Nov.)

✓ **UNSUSPECTED, THE**—Warners: You'll know who's guilty all along in this minor thriller starring deft Claude Rains. Michael North plays along with Joan Caulfield and there's Audrey Totter, Hurd Hatfield, Connie Bennett and Jack Lambert. (Nov.)

✓✓ **WHERE THERE'S LIFE**—Paramount: This gag-strewn story of royal intrigue has Bob Hope in top form playing a disk jockey who almost becomes monarch of a mythical country, much against his will. Pursued by secret spies, nearly kidnapped by beautiful Signe Hasso, and threatened by policeman William Bendix, Hope has a lively time of it—and so will you. (Dec.)

WILD HARVEST—Paramount: Alan Ladd and his toughminded harvesting crew, including Robert Preston and Lloyd Nolan, roll over the wheat fields in those big new combines that are fun to watch. Not so much fun is the high-heeled maneuvering of Dorothy Lamour who never belonged on a farm. (Oct.)



Turnabout: Olga San Juan presents a piquant profile to Edmond O'Brien, latest man in her life

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 16) Orson Welles with Lila Lee sat with the Maharajah of Cooch Behar and Virginia Fields. While costly Indian robes adorned several stars, the Maharajah himself wore a Hollywood Star baseball uniform, if you can imagine the sight.

Joan Crawford in a beautiful white dress and diamonds, as Joan, the star, looked lovely. Dinah Shore as a friar and husband George Montgomery as a monk took in the sights. Dinah, who is expecting her baby soon, never left her table.

Jeanne Crain and husband Paul Brinkman wore magnificent American Indian headpieces, and Paul very little else. Walter Winchell with a press ticket in his hat came as a reporter. His rhumba dancing with Carmen Miranda was sensational.

In fact it was quite the gayest party of its kind. The photographers deserve a great big hand and hereby get it; and you'll get a great big bang out of some of the pictures of the party if you'll turn to page 56.

Meet the Cutter: Ever stop to think how a picture is put together after the scenes have been shot? Cal sat with Watson Webb in a Twentieth Century-Fox cutting room and marvelled at his skill. The day before scenes from "Northside 777," taken in Chicago, had been flown in. So on a small movieola we watched Jimmy Stewart and Richard Conte go through their paces—which is really seeing film hot from the camera.

Over and over Watson ran certain scenes explaining why it was best to give a certain close-up to Jimmy, or how it made for smoother flowing if the camera followed Conte's action in certain scenes.

Actors were halted in motion while scenes were studied and their voices synchronized with the action. Dialogue could be inserted where needed and actors made to re-enter a scene.

So much depends on a cutter that they are considered next in importance to a director. Watson is one of the best in the business, with such films as "Razor's Edge," "The Dark Corner," "Mother

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Safe for Clothes!**

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Safety Ingredient—DURATEX**

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WHO HAVE TRIED IT, ACCORDING
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INSIDE STUFF

Prize shot: Charles Korvin takes a candid look at Bob Ryan's new camera on "Berlin Express" set

Wore Tights," "Kiss of Death," and many others to his credit.

"Kiss of Death" Guy: He had never appeared on the screen before. Yet after one film, Richard Widmark, the horror boy of "Kiss of Death," was the most-discussed actor in Hollywood.

Our lunch table in the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room became a mecca to which trekked writers, directors and actors eager to meet Widmark. A mild-mannered lad in his early thirties, Richard seemed slightly bewildered by it all. His thinning blond hair and startling blue eyes certainly belie the moronic killer. In fact, director Henry Hathaway took one look at Widmark in New York and said, "No thanks, no college-boy types." Then Richard read for him in that spine-tingling falsetto and Hathaway was ordering front hair pieces to lend a menacing aspect and to blend with that unearthly laugh.

Born in Sunrise, Minnesota (Richard is half Swedish), he was taken to Chicago by his parents when he was just a baby. In the Windy City, he attended Lake Forest College and later taught two years in the drama department.

In New York he became a radio speed-ball, dashing from one show to another from nine in the morning till midnight. Even after he clicked on Broadway in "Kiss and Tell" and "Get Away Old Man" he did radio shows from nine to six.

In 1942 he was married to Jean Hazelbrook whom he'd met at Lake Forest. With Jean and his two-year-old Anne, he lives atop Mulholland Drive. For some reason he can't figure out, a horse came with the house. He isn't sure just what to do with it. The Widmarks have no servant so they take turns getting up in the morning with Anne.

"Only for some reason," he says, "Anne always wants to get up at six o'clock when it's my turn." But one knows from the way he speaks of her, Anne is his pride and joy.

Doesn't sound much like old horror boy himself, does he?

with horror, gave a thrill of pleasure, for it was Lana Turner speaking and we were to see with her the rushes of her deathbed scene in "Homecoming."

We'd been unusually lighthearted as we drove through the wide studio gates, but ten minutes later, as we emerged from the projection room, it was difficult to believe that only a short distance away "Homecoming" was still in the process of being made; the final farewell of Clark Gable and Lana had been so convincing.

Happy Couples—and Why: No two happier people exist than Anne Baxter and her husband John Hodiak whose romance got off to a bad start but ended up, just like the movies, with boy gets girl. There's a quiet something about them, Cal has noticed as they move separately from group to group at a gathering, that bespeaks their deep understanding. Each goes his own way and yet they never seem to be completely out of touch, one with the other. And you can imagine how happy they are to be working in the same film, "Homecoming."

The Fred MacMurrays, who seem shy and diffident to outsiders, are another completely harmonious couple who have made of their married life a shared and happy experience. Fred, with an unsuspectedly droll sense of humor, quietly participates in party fun while Mrs. MacMurray silently but appreciatively looks on. Between movies, the couple, with their two children, travel to northern California to their huge dairy ranch, spending weeks away from Hollywood.

When Bill Powell married his little "Mousie," as all Hollywood affectionately calls her, the town predicted it wouldn't last. But it has, and for seven years, despite the fact Mrs. Powell is some years younger than her husband. They like the same people, the same kind of life and like our other happy couples share the same recipe for a happy marriage—leaving Hollywood between films. In fact the Powell home in Palm Springs is more their home than the Beverly Hills house. So Cal concludes "getting-out-of-town" seems the best solution for a long Hollywood marriage.

Preview News: "Would you like to see me die?" The query, far from filling us

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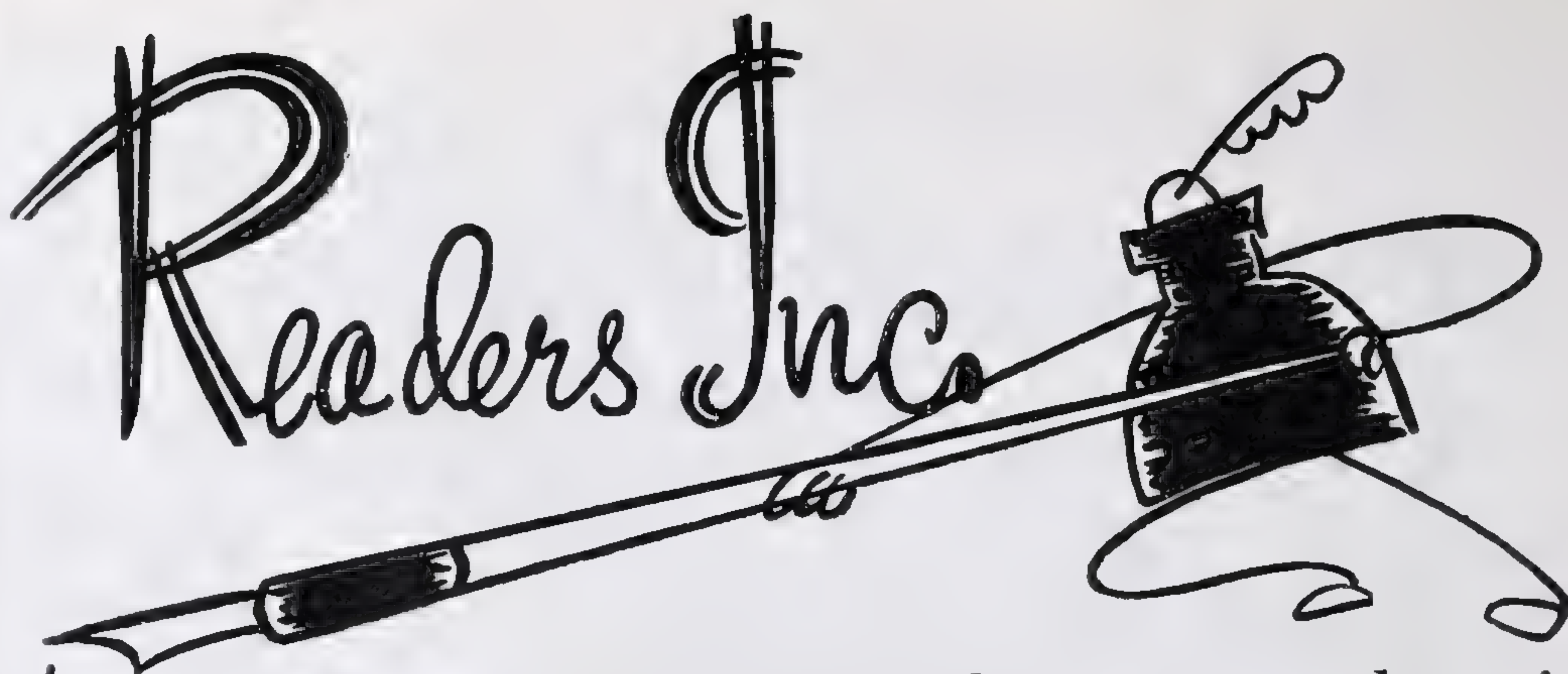
Exclamation points



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**Photoplay's readers come to the point
with candid comments on pictures and players**

Candid Corner:

Gentlemen:

I have been buying your magazine for years. One of the features I especially appreciate and use is "Shadow Stage."

Now for something less to your liking perhaps. You may omit articles by Erskine Johnson as far as I am concerned. What he has to say in your current issue about Frank Sinatra has a very hollow sound. He seems to feel he has the power to make or break stars. Maybe he has. He has tried his darndest to break Frank and only recently has he modified his stand a trifle—imagine it got to be too hot for him. Let's be truthful—Frank Sinatra was well on his way before Erskine Johnson tried to give him a break. I do not feel that writers should use their columns to vent personal animosities or grudges because of hurt vanity or misunderstanding. They should be big and strive to be always fair, impartial and reasonable.

MRS. STANLEY HLYSTEK
Racine, Wisconsin

Editor:

Why is it that your magazine always features a certain "clique" of stars? Not that I'm against Van Johnson, Alan Ladd and many of the *big* names. I feel other stars who have taken the back seat for several years should be given a chance to get acquainted with their fans through some good magazine stories.

Dan Duryea is my particular bid for this month. I am sure he has a fine future, if only you folks would give him some support. Please let's have a story about Mr. Duryea.

JANET FISHBECK
Schenectady, N. Y.

Dear Cal York:

You almost pulled a boner in the October, 1947, issue in your column "Inside Stuff." You tried to persuade Gene Kelly to hold out for a drama. You know that he recently didn't know whether to continue dancing or not. I am only one of the millions who like him dancing and not acting. I'm glad he didn't take your advice.

GEORGE HOTHINGS
Roselle Park, N. J.

Jeers and Cheers:

Dear Sir:

When I read your story on the Cornel

Wilde separation it really threw me. Of course they're together again but it's hard to tell with these stars. Did success go to Cornel's head? As for Mrs. Wilde and her career: She sounds as though she is more interested in Pat Wilde than in making a success of her family life.

PAT BREWER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I notice that the November issue of Photoplay is different and I like the change very much. I have always been interested in fashions and enjoy the added pages in your fashion section.

I think it was a good idea to give "Inside Stuff" more space for news and pictures, too. Keep up the good work!

LARRY KENNEDY
Chicago, Ill

Word from Britain:

Dear Editors:

I just had to write and thank you for a really smashing September issue.

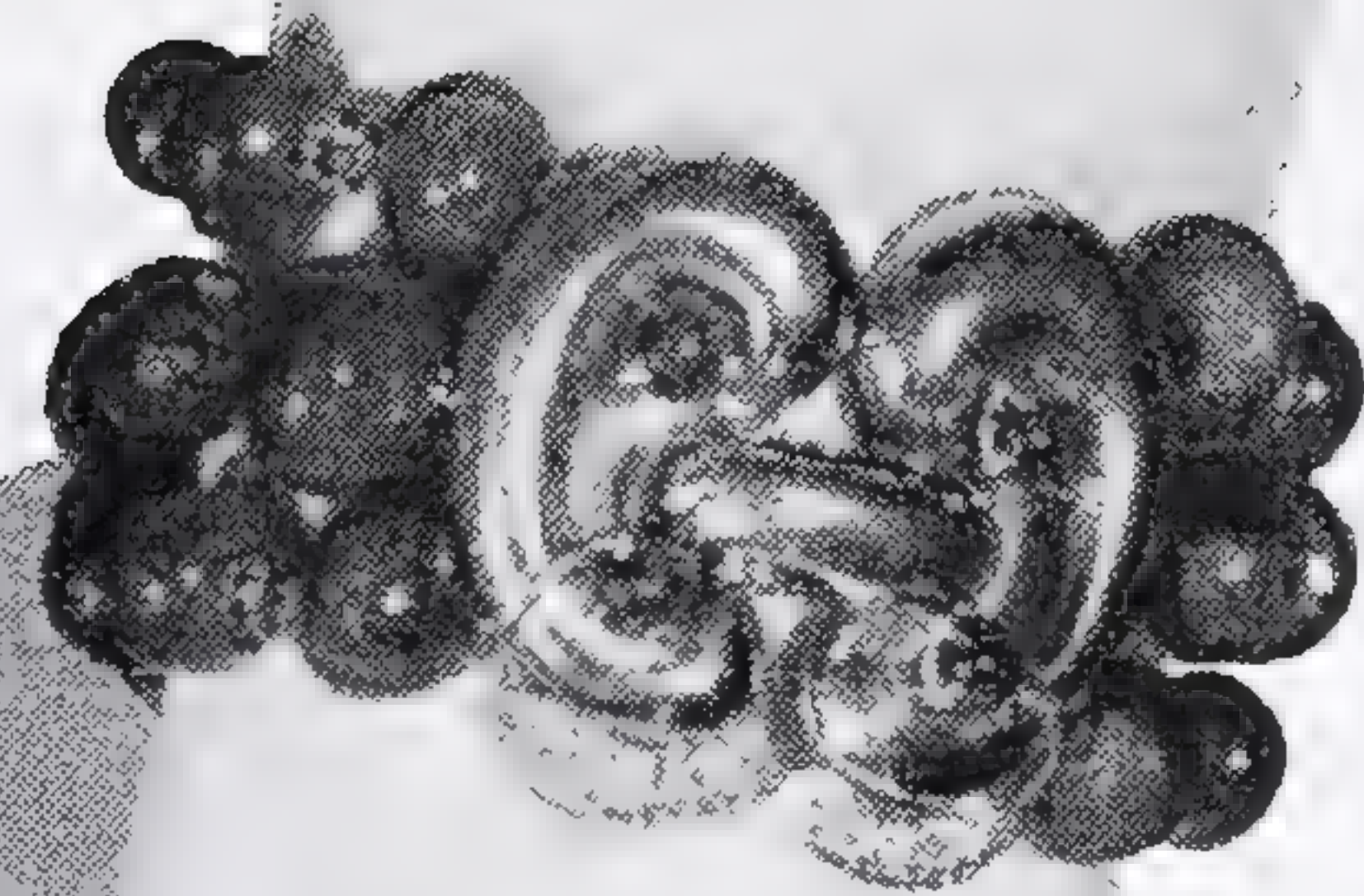
In pre-war days I used to buy your book and for the past year I've been getting it regularly sent straight over from your side. The film tax and the prospect of seeing no more U. S. films when our present stocks run out is enough to make any real film fan want to go and jump in the Thames. I only hope some arrangement can be made whereby we get a few U. S. films to augment our British output. I'm patriotic enough to admit our pictures have reached a high standard in the past few years but it isn't every day you want to see a "Henry V" or "Black Narcissus," however splendid they may be. We want to see Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Bob Hope and Betty Grable as well.

Maybe I shouldn't ramble on like this, but you see, perhaps from the beginning of next year, I shall have to rely on Photoplay to let me know what is going on in Hollywood. It doesn't seem possible that such a thing could ever happen but in these days who can tell.

MARJORIE McIVER
New Malden
Surrey, England

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SHELDON LEONARD Produced by MAURICE and FRANK KING • Directed by GORDON WILES

Screenplay by Daniel Fuchs from his novel "Low Country" • An Allied Artists Production

Casts of Current Pictures

BISHOP'S WIFE, THE—Goldwyn: Dudley, Cary Grant; Julia Brougham, Loretta Young; Henry Brougham, David Niven; Professor Wutheridge, Monty Woolley; Sylvester, James Gleason; Mrs. Hamilton, Gladys Cooper; Matilda, Elsa Lanchester; Mildred Cassaway, Sara Haden; Debby Brougham, Karolyn Grimes; Maggenti, Tito Vuolo; Mr. Miller, Regis Toomey; Mrs. Duffy, Sara Edwards; Miss Trumbull, Margaret McWade; Mrs. Ward, Ann O'Neal; Mr. Perry, Ben Erway; Stevens, Erville Alderson; Defense Captain, Bobby Anderson; Attack Captain, Teddy Infuhr; Michel, Eugene Borden; First Lady in Michel's, Almira Sessions; Second Lady, Claire DuBrey; Third Lady, Florence Auer; Hat Shop Proprietress, Margaret Wells; Hat Shop Customer, Kitty O'Neill; Hysterical Mother, Isabel Jewell; Blind Man, David Leonard; Delia, Dorothy Vaughan; Policeman, Edgar Dearing.

FOREVER AMBER—20th Century-Fox: Amber, Linda Darnell; Bruce Carlton, Cornel Wilde; Lord Almsbury, Richard Greene; King Charles II, George Sanders; Captain Rex Morgan, Glenn Langan; Earl of Radcliffe, Richard Haydn; Nan Britton, Jessica Tandy; Mother Red Cap, Anne Revere; Black Jack Mallard, John Russell; Corinna, Jane Ball; Sir Thomas Dudley, Robert Coote; Matt Goodgroome, Leo G. Carroll; Countess of Castelmaine, Natalie Draper; Mrs. Spang, Margaret Wycherly; Lady Redmond, Alma Kruger.

FUGITIVE, THE—Argosy-RKO: A Fugitive, Henry Fonda; An Indian Woman, Dolores Del Rio; A Lieutenant of Police, Pedro Armendariz; A Police Informer, J. Carroll Naish; A Chief of Police, Leo Carrillo; El Gringo, Ward Bond; A Sergeant of Police, Robert Armstrong; A Refugee Doctor, John Qualen; The Governor's Cousin, Fortunio Bonanova; An Organ-Grinder, Cris-Pin Martin; A Hostage, Miguel Inclan; A Singer, Fernando Fernandez.

GANGSTER, THE—Allied Artists: Shubunka, Barry Sullivan; Nancy, Belita; Dorothy, Joan Lorrington; Nick Jammey, Akim Tamiroff; Shorty, Henry Morgan; Karty, John Ireland; Cornell, Sheldon Leonard; Mrs. Ostroleng, Fifi D'Orsay; Mrs. Karty, Virginia Christine; Oval, Elisha Cook, Jr.; Swain, Theodore Hecht; Beaumont, Leif Erickson; Dugas, Charles McGraw; Sterling, John Kellogg; Politician Eddie Maxwell; Thug, Dewey Robinson; Dorothy's Father, Griff Barnett; Eddie, Murray Alper.

GREEN DOLPHIN STREET—M-G-M: Marianne Patourel, Lana Turner; Timothy Haslam, Van Heflin; Marguerite Patourel, Donna Reed; William Ozanne, Richard Hart; Dr. Edmond Ozanne, Frank Morgan; Octavius Patourel, Edmund Gwenn; Mother Superior, Dame May Whitty; Captain O'Hara, Reginald Owen; Sophie Patourel, Gladys Cooper; Mrs. Metivier, Moyna Macgill; Hine-Moa, Linda Christian; Jacky-Poto, Bernie Gozier; Kapua-Manga, Pat Aherne; A Maori, Al Kikume; Sister Angelique, Edith Leslie; Veronica, Gigi Perreau.

I WALK ALONE—Paramount: Frankie Madison, Burt Lancaster; Kay Lawrence, Elizabeth Scott; Noll Turner, Kirk Douglas; Dave, Wendell Corey; Mrs. Richardson, Kristine Miller; Maurice, George Rigaud; Nick Palestro, Marc Lawrence; Dan, Mike Mazurki; Skinner, Mickey Knox; Felix, Roger Neury.

IT HAD TO BE YOU—Columbia: Victoria Stafford, Ginger Rogers; "George" Johnny Blaine, Cornel Wilde; Mr. Stafford, Percy Waram; Mrs. Stafford, Spring Byington; Oliver H. P. Harrington, Ron Randall; Mr. Harrington, Thurston Hall; Dr. Parkinson, Charles Evans; Evans, William Bevan; Conductor Brown, Frank Orth; George Benson, Harry Hays Morgan; Mr. Kimberly, Douglas Wood; Mrs. Kimberly, Mary Forbes.



Friends in need: Shirley Temple, Jean Porter in scene from "That Hagen Girl"

KILLER McCOY—M-G-M: Tommy McCoy, Mickey Rooney; Jim Caighn, Brian Donlevy; Sheila Carson, Ann Blyth; Brian McCoy, James Dunn; Cecil Y. Walsh, Tom Tully; Happy, Sam Levene; Bill Thorne, Walter Sande; Johnny Martin, Mickey Knox; Father Ryan, James Bell; Mrs. McCoy, Gloria Holden; Mrs. Martin, Eve March; Waitress, June Storey; Danny Burns, Douglas Croft; Sailor Graves, Bob Steele; Pete Mariola, David Clarke.

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Columbia: Gene Autry, Himself; Carol, Jean Heather; Mason, Ralph Morgan; Lydia Henry, Carol Thurston; Matt Mason, Mark Daniels; Mike, Bobby Blake; Jeff Henry, Russ Vincent; Marvin, George "Shug" Fisher; Indian Chief, Trevor Bardette; Goss, Lee Bennett; Taylor, John Halloran; Jim, Sandy Sanders; Smith, Roy Gordon; Sam Luther, Silverheels Smith; Cora Luther, Frances Rey; Carter, Bob Cason.

MAN ABOUT TOWN—RKO: Emile, Maurice Chevalier; Jacques, Francois Perier; Madeleine, Marcelle Derrien; Lucette, Dany Robin; Dupeyrier, Robert Pizani; Curly, Raymond Cordy; The Cashier, Paul Olivier; Celestin, Roland Armontel.

NIGHTMARE ALLEY—20th Century-Fox: Stan Carlisle, Tyrone Power; Zeena, Joan Blondell; Molly, Coleen Gray; Lilith, Helen Walker; Grindle, Taylor Holmes; Bruno, Mike Mazurki; Pete, Ian Keith; Mrs. Peabody, Julia Dean; Hoatley, James Flavin; McGraw, Roy Roberts; Town Marshal, James Burke.

ON THE OLD SPANISH TRAIL—Republic: Roy Rogers, Roy Rogers; Trigger, The Smartest Horse in the Movies; Ricco, Tito Guizar; Candy Martin, Jane Frazee; Cookie Bullfincher, Andy Devine; Lola, Estelita Rodriguez; Harry Blaisdell, Charles McGraw; Marco The Great, Fred Graham; Al, Steve Darrell; Gus, Marshall Reed; Silas MacIntyre, Wheaton Chambers; Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

SWORDSMAN, THE—Columbia: Alexander MacArden, Larry Parks; Barbara Glowan, Ellen Drew; Robert Glowan, George Macready; Angus MacArden, Edgar Buchanan; Mac-Ian, Ray Collins; Murdoch Glowan, Marc Platt; Colin Glowan, Michael Duane; Lord Glowan, Holmes Herbert; Bruce Glowan, Nedrick Young; Ronald MacArden, Robert Shayne; Old Andrew, William Bevan; Reverend Douglas, Lumsden Hare; Gordon Glowan, Tom Stevenson; Charles, Harry Allen.

THAT HAGEN GIRL—Warners: Mary Hagen, Shirley Temple; Tom Bates, Ronald Reagan; Minta Hagen, Dorothy Peterson; Jim Hagen, Charles Kemper; Ken Freneau, Rory Calhoun; Sharon Bailey, Jean Porter; Molly Freneau, Nella Walker; Selma Delaney, Winifred Harris; Cora, Ruth Robinson; Julia Kane, Lois Maxwell.

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—M-G-M: Nora, Esther Williams; Richard Herald, Lauritz Melchior; Ferdi Farro, Jimmy Durante; Dick Johnson, Johnnie Johnston; Xavier Cugat, Himself; Grandma, Dame May Whitty; Deborah, Sharon McManus; Gordon Coome, Dick Simmons; Frances, Mary Stuart; Peter, Ludwig Stossel; Merle, Dorothy Porter; Tommy Wonder, Himself; Mrs. Allenbury, Nella Walker; Norman, Holmes Herbert.

VOICE OF THE TURTLE, THE—Warners: Sgt. Bill Page, Ronald Reagan; Sally Middleton, Eleanor Parker; Olive Lashbrooke, Eve Arden; Comm. Ned Burling, Wayne Morris; Kenneth Bartlett, Kent Smith; George Harrington, John Emery; Storekeeper, Erskine Sanford; Henry Atherton, John Holland.

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✓✓ Very good

✓✓✓ Outstanding

F—For the whole family

A—For adults



Spectacular film: Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde and Jimmy Legano

✓✓ (A) **Forever Amber**
(20th Century-Fox)

ROLL out the red carpet for a costume drama that sets a new high in a season of opulent productions. Linda Darnell is the ideal choice as the bold beauty who climbs love's ladder until she reaches the throne, but only one man, Cornel Wilde, really matters to her. He gives a pedestrian performance as His Majesty's officer who keeps flitting in and out of *Amber's* life, first accepting, then rejecting her love. Handsome Glenn Langan, Richard Greene and John Russell are also on *Amber's* list, and still later in her turbulent career there's an elderly earl, Richard Haydn. George Sanders, as Charles II, is especially impressive.

For variety there's London's great fire with a black plague thrown in for good measure.

Your Reviewer Says: Topflight costume drama.



Nineteenth Century romanticism: Van Heflin and Lana Turner

✓✓ (F) Green Dolphin Street (M-G-M)

THE emphasis is on romanticism rather than realism in this sprawling, spectacular story of the Nineteenth Century.

Lana Turner plays an ambitious, domineering female who steals sister Donna Reed's sweetheart, Richard Hart. Intent upon making something of the personable but indolent young man, Lana leaves her luxurious home for a primitive settlement in New Zealand. It's there that the earthquake, providing one of the most hair-raising scenes imaginable, takes place. Meanwhile, Van Heflin, looking ever so sullen and frustrated, worships her from afar. Donna Reed is splendid as Lana's sister. Frank Morgan, Edmund Gwenn, Gladys Cooper, Dame May Whitty, Reginald Owen complete a capable cast in an overlong but technically perfect picture.

Your Reviewer Says: More than your money's worth.

✓ (A) Nightmare Alley (20th Century-Fox)

STEP this way, folks, it's carnival time with the spotlight on Tyrone Power who has a down-to-earth part that he can sink his teeth into, a ruthless rogue irresistible to women. Three of them play prominently in his life: Joan Blondell, in her usual bad-gal-with-heart-of-gold role, is a mind reader who helps Tyrone climb out of carnival into the big-time; Coleen Gray, who loves her man sincerely come what may, delivers a praiseworthy performance; Helen Walker is poised and mocking as a psychologist with a sharp eye out for the main chance. Ian Keith excels as a one-time headliner who has lost out in his bout with the bottle and Taylor Holmes, matinee idol of yesteryear, convincingly portrays one of Tyrone's victims. It's a rousing, nerve-tingling show on the sordid side.

Your Reviewer Says: A peek at a geek.



Carnival time for Tyrone Power, Joan Blondell and Coleen Gray

✓✓ (F) The Voice of the Turtle (Warner)

ONLY a confirmed sourpuss could fail to enjoy this utterly delightful film, depicting the sweetness of young love with some of its pangs.

Ronald Reagan is the lonesome soldier who gets more than he bargains for when he starts out for a weekend of fun. His matter-of-fact manner and rugged good looks are in fine contrast to Eleanor Parker's portrayal of the adorable young actress. Just over a disastrous love affair, Eleanor vows "never again"—and then Reagan comes along to make her change her mind. Eve Arden, as the dizzy dame who brings the pair together to her subsequent regret, is inclined to burlesque her part, turning high comedy into outright farce. Nevertheless, she contributes some mirthful moments, and Wayne Morris hits the right note as her beau.

Your Reviewer Says: Positively dreamy.



A delightful tale of young love: Eleanor Parker and Ronald Reagan



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✓✓ (F) The Bishop's Wife (Goldwyn)

CALL this a sentimental fable if you like, but it's a deftly devised one, brimful with Yuletide spirit and produced in excellent taste. Moreover, it enjoys the high-powered talents of Cary Grant, Loretta Young and David Niven, splendidly supported by Monty Woolley, James Gleason, Gladys Cooper, Elsa Lanchester.

A bewildered bishop, David Niven, and his wife, Loretta Young, flounder unhappily until an angel called Dudley, Cary Grant, is sent down to set their affairs aright. As a brisk, business-like angel in a sack suit, Cary's affable ways endear him to everyone except the bishop, who frets over the possibility of losing his wife's affections. And well he might for the bishop seems rather stuffy for the lovely, fun-starved Loretta. She is graciousness itself, the perfect helpmeet to a man who discovers that success and happiness are not necessarily synonymous.

Film-goers geared to speed and violence may find the pace too leisurely, the mood too quiet, the humor too gentle. More discriminating customers, however, will applaud it.

Your Reviewer Says: A bright green light.

✓✓ (F) The Swordsman (Columbia)

THE accent is on adventure here with a generous helping of horsemanship and swordplay as carried on in Seventeenth-Century Scotland. With Ellen Drew—a brave lass and bonny—to inspire him, Larry Parks gives a spirited performance. What girl could resist a lad who cuts such a dashing figure, even if he does belong to an enemy clan? Ellen doesn't half try, much to the vexation of her trouble-making cousin and would-be suitor, George Macready. Sensible fellow that he is, Larry believes it's high time to call a halt to the ancient feud. Edgar Buchanan is excellent as a gruff old warrior, reluctant to wield the olive branch.

A gay excursion into Scotland's colorful past and a scenically stunning production, "The Swordsman" provides robust entertainment for audiences of all ages.

Your Reviewer Says: The "ayes" have it!

✓ (F) Killer McCoy (M-G-M)

FIGHT fans will get a big kick out of seeing Mickey Rooney in the role of Killer McCoy, a lightweight boxer who is the gamest little scrapper.

Saddled with a no-account father (James Dunn), Mickey has a tough time of it. The worst jolt comes when he has to fight the man who taught him everything he knows. The tragic outcome of that bout prompts Mickey to shelve his gloves, but big-shot gambler Brian Donlevy persuades him to re-enter the ring. It turns out that Donlevy has a carefully reared daughter, Ann Blyth, for whom he entertains ambitious plans which certainly don't include Mickey.

In fine fettle (Army training does a lot for a fellow!), Rooney is surrounded by highly competent players James Dunn, Brian Donlevy and Sam Levene. Ann Blyth has little to do except look unhappy, but she does that well.

Your Reviewer Says: Rooney rings the bell!

✓ (F) The Fugitive (Argosy-RKO)

DISTINCTLY off the beaten path is this strange, sombre tale that has Central America as its setting.

Henry Fonda plays a priest fleeing from a revolutionary government, which is rooting out all evidences of religious faith.

Pedro Armendariz heads the police force bent upon his capture so that he may serve as an example to the simple-minded Indians who staunchly cling to their old beliefs. Dolores Del Rio is an Indian woman seeking to atone, through prayer, for her sinful affair with Armendariz. When the police close in on the priest, the Indians shield him as one man—all except J. Carol Naish who pretends to befriend Fonda only to betray him for a tempting reward. Naish's overacting is the one false note in the uniformly restrained performances of the other players. Fonda is sincere and straightforward; Del Rio is artistically devout while Armendariz is mean and menacing as the duty-driven official. Ward Bond, Leo Carrillo and Robert Armstrong appear to advantage in supporting roles.

An absorbing picture, rich in atmosphere but moving at a snail's pace, "The Fugitive" will stir some, leave others cold, depending on whether they regard religion and politics as suitable subjects for the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: A sermon on tolerance.

✓ (F) On the Old Spanish Trail (Republic)

HERE'S a Western with a Spanish flavor that should prove pleasing to the taste. The plot revolves around a lovelorn gypsy, Tito Guizar, suspected of a series of robberies. There's a reward for his capture and, figuring the money would come in kind of handy, Roy Rogers gets busy. Charles McGraw and his gang don't like the idea, because it would spoil their own little game for which the gypsy merely serves as a convenient smoke screen. Well, fists fly freely and horses' hooves clatter madly in a breath-taking stagecoach chase.

To liven up the proceedings, there's Estelita Rodriguez as Guizar's jealous sweetheart, Andy Devine as a blundering sheriff, Jane Frazee as the romantic interest. As usual, The Sons of the Pioneers do a good job of harmonizing.

Your Reviewer Says: Roy in good form.

(F) That Hagen Girl (Warner)

"HACKNEYED" is the word to describe this tawdry tale, soggy with sentiment, and involving winsome Shirley Temple and stalwart Ronald Reagan. In case you think he's old enough to be her father, that's exactly what all the town gossips are whispering about them. Their malicious rumors keep pursuing Shirley, making her just miserable.

For a while it looks as if classmate Rory Calhoun will change all that, but Rory isn't big enough to buck parental disapproval of "that Hagen girl." Teacher Lois Maxwell, recognizing how unjust everyone is to the poor child, warmly sympathizes with Shirley. She even gets Reagan to help and, from there on, the story goes completely haywire. All we can say is that Fate—and the script writers—have given a couple of swell people a raw deal.

Jean Porter gives a good account of herself as Shirley's friend; Nella Walker is effective as chief scandalmonger.

Your Reviewer Says: In a word, mediocre.

✓ (F) Man About Town (RKO)

WHAT happens when middle age catches up with a man about town is told in this Gallic importation written, produced, and directed by René Clair and starring that oldtime favorite, Maurice Chevalier. Between them they have concocted a featherweight comedy about—you guessed it!—*l'amour*. Instead of English titles, they've hit upon the clever device of having Chevalier explain what's going on. As an aging Lothario he recounts the three-cornered (Continued on page 30)

ADVICE TO READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads
And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles
JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the double treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an anti-septic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — in fact, your money will be refunded



if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 281, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent. (Advertisement)



Is your marriage failing because you still live in Shameful Ignorance?

Then Learn Here— The Real Truth About These INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is more to be pitied than blamed when her husband starts acting cold and indifferent to her. She may have had no one to turn to for *proper scientific* knowledge she could trust about intimate feminine cleanliness.

But she can learn *here* how important vaginal douching often is to marriage happiness, health and charm—how it helps combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems. And she should learn how *very important* it is to use ZONITE in her douche. BECAUSE NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE FOR THE DOUCHE OF ALL THOSE TESTED IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES!

Truly a Modern Miracle

Well-informed women wouldn't even think of using weak, homemade or dangerous products for their douche. These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength—ZONITE is *absolutely harmless*. You can use it as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively *non-poisonous*, *non-irritating*, *non-burning*.

Developed by a World-Famous Surgeon and Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing, clinging waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* it *immediately* kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you CAN BE SURE ZONITE DOES kill every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Complete directions for douching come with every bottle.



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(Continued from page 28) love affair of Paris 1906 vintage between himself, his petite protégée and her ardent young admirer. Chevalier's advice to his rival not to take women seriously acts as a boomerang when he, too, falls in love with the charming mademoiselle.

Although crow's-feet and a receding hairline are plainly visible, Chevalier is still his exuberant, suave self. But you may wish he'd leave off explaining and start singing some of those jaunty songs, cane swinging, straw hat cocked at a rakish angle as in bygone days. François Perier does a creditable job, and Marcelle Derrien has youthful appeal.

Your Reviewer Says: A French cream puff.

✓ (A) I Walk Alone (Paramount)

A LITTLE love and a lot of hate are mingled to make a chronicle of crime with Burt Lancaster and Lizabeth Scott sharing acting honors.

The story opens with Lancaster shedding prison stripes for a neat pin stripe before setting forth to collect his share of the dough promised by night club owner Kirk Douglas. The conflict between these two former friends, now bitter enemies, is charged with dynamite and Douglas's intimidated bookkeeper, Wendell Corey, is caught in the middle. Lizabeth plays the night club operator's girl; one glance at her tells you that that icy exterior hides a smouldering interior. The action is keyed at a swift tempo with a slugging spree in which Lancaster takes plenty of punishment.

In the manner of modern gangster pictures, "I Walk Alone" is tough, taut, sadistic, yet undeniably effective.

Your Reviewer Says: For the thrill-thirsty.

✓ (F) The Last Round-up (Columbia)

COOL and courageous as ever in the face of danger, Gene Autry proves he's a friend of the redskins whose land is threatened when Mesa City officials announce plans to build an aqueduct bordering on their reservation. Autry intercedes and arranges a favorable deal for the Indians; convincing them that this is to their advantage, however, is another matter. His job is made especially tough by the underhand methods of wealthy local rancher Ralph Morgan.

Although the plot is short on originality, it's long on action and should satisfy Gene's loyal fans. A romantic touch is contributed by Jean Heather as a school teacher who alternately frowns and smiles at Gene. Carol Thurston and Russ Vincent please as an enlightened Indian couple with Bobby Blake playing their bright, lovable youngster.

"The Last Round-up," incidentally, is Autry's first round-up at Columbia Pictures. Good luck to you and Champion, Gene, in your new corral!

Your Reviewer Says: Autry scores again!

(A) The Gangster (Allied Artists)

TERROR runs rampant through this grim recital of a man who came from the gutter and is destined to die there. Barry Sullivan presents him as a scowling, embittered fellow whose twisted philosophy is that the whole world is rotten, so why not get what you can for yourself?

To his partner's disgust, this hard-as-nails product of the slums has one weakness: his infatuation for a show girl (Belita). When another mob muscles in on his and Akim Tamiroff's racket, it's a toss-up who will be top man.

Joan Lorrying attracts attention as a girl who isn't afraid to tell the gangster how he stacks up in her eyes. Tamiroff rates special mention; John Ireland adds realism.

Your Reviewer Says: Life's seamy side.

✓ (F) **This Time for Keeps**
(M-G-M)

IF the great Ziegfeld were around today, he would certainly give an emphatic nod to Esther Williams, who fills a bathing suit better than most. Even dripping wet, she looks gorgeous; each hair in place.

Johnnie Johnston, whose smile matches a pleasant voice, proves an easy target for Cupid's dart, falling in love with one girl and becoming engaged to another. Lauritz Melchior, as Johnston's stern parent, takes care of the more serious singing, and Jimmy Durante is in charge of the humor. Durante's unique songs and sallies brighten the slender story considerably.

The Mackinac Island scenes are attractive to the eye, and rumba king Xavier Cugat and his band please the ear.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough.

✓ (F) **It Had to Be You**
(Columbia)

WHEN a flighty female has left three bridegrooms at the altar, Number Four had better watch out—unless, of course, he's Cornel Wilde.

As the wealthy young lady who shilly-shallies about saying, "I do," Ginger Rogers romps through an intermittently funny film, looking elegant but adopting a screwball style more suited to Betty Hutton. In portraying a dream man come to life, Wilde handles his first comedy role with great gusto. It's a tall tale, lacking in logic, but with some broadly amusing dialogue to help it along.

Percy Waram and Spring Byington are fine as Ginger's understandably confused parents, and Ron Randell is adequate as her frantic fiancé.

Your Reviewer Says: Wild and wacky.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Bishop's Wife

The Voice of the Turtle

Forever Amber

Best Performances

Cary Grant, Loretta Young
in "The Bishop's Wife"

Ronald Reagan, Eleanor Parker
in "The Voice of the Turtle"

Tyrone Power in
"Nightmare Alley"

Larry Parks in
"The Swordsman"

Jimmy Durante in
"This Time for Keeps"

Linda Darnell, George Sanders
in "Forever Amber"

Mickey Rooney, James Dunn
in "Killer McCoy"

Maurice Chevalier in
"Man About Town"

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Now for you... a skin soft to touch, tempting to kiss. Yes, *yours* with new Jergens Face Cream! Enriched with Vitone—the skin-smoother called finer than Lanolin itself by skin scientists. Thrill to the way Jergens Cream cleanses, helps soften, smooth your complexion.

Like four creams in one jar. Jergens is *all-purpose*. Enriched with precious Vitone, yet costs no more than ordinary creams. Used by lovely women everywhere. You, too, should use Jergens Face Cream.

Doctors' tests show: 8 out of 10 complexions beautifully improved... "skins softer, smoother, fresher" with Jergens Vitone-enriched Face Cream!

"I don't belong to

Two kinds of men...two
kinds of love...in her
life...and when she
chooses it must be forever!

any man"

JOAN CRAWFORD
DANA ANDREWS
HENRY FONDA *in*

Daisy Kenyon

with
RUTH WARRICK
MARTHA STEWART
PEGGY ANN GARNER
CONNIE MARSHALL
NICHOLAS JOY • ART BAKER

Produced and Directed by OTTO PREMINGER • Screen Play by David Hertz • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Janeway

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANTIC HIT!





Second honeymoon on sands
of Waikiki—Pat and Cornel at
Royal Hawaiian Hotel

Hal Watkins

THE CASE OF

Cornel Wilde

A revealing story by a noted columnist on
why this actor seems to be Hollywood's problem child

BE SHEILAH GRAHAM

WHAT has happened to Cornel Wilde? That there is something wrong is all too evident. Items, some blind, others using his name, paint his difficult temperament. You read that he and Pat Knight Wilde have separated. However, before you have time to digest this news, coming as it does on top of their public declarations of devotion, they have left for Hawaii and a reconciliation honeymoon. You read, too, that Cornel refused to appear in "Walls of Jericho." And a few editions later it's announced—but much less conspicuously—that he has curtailed his New York holiday to report at the studio for this very role. It all adds up to this: Items that make spectacular reading are given prominence, while news more favorable to Cornel, but less dramatic, is not played up in the same way. This makes for headlines and confusion and an inaccurate picture of a man suffering from a severe case of chip on the shoulder.

Those who remain Cornel's friends—personal or professional—are unhappy and confused about him. But they are not, I dare say, nearly as unhappy (*Continued on page 97*)

Don't Misunderstand Me

When Liz Scott was ten, she wasn't Liz Scott at all and she lived in Scranton. Now she lives in Hollywood and some people haven't got her straight yet



Glamour model—Lizbeth thought this might be the road to fame

BY LIZABETH SCOTT



Baby Lizbeth—too young for ambition but photogenic

I WAS leafing through my old and battered copy of "Alice in Wonderland" the other day when a cancelled check fell out and lay at my feet. There on the top line was the date, May 14th, 1933. At the bottom was my father's signature in his firm, elaborate handwriting. "Pay to the order of the Mother Superior, \$1.25, signed John Matzo," read the check, drawn on the Pine Brook Bank of Scranton, Pa.

I picked it up and, standing there in what is definitely the smallest apartment in Hollywood, I felt again the presence of the black-robed nun tapping out the rhythm for a small girl seated at an old piano, running the scales. I wasn't Lizbeth Scott then. I was that small girl, a kid named Emma Matzo. And I had just handed the Mother Superior of Marywood College this same check in payment for my weekly piano lessons. I was eleven then and I was (Continued on page 98)



Morris

The lady that's known as Liz: Lizbeth Scott, star of "I Walk Alone"



"THE BIGGEST MISTAKE

Of My Life"

A star talks about her headline-splattered
marriage with such amazing frankness
you know she is telling the truth

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



Cover Girl

JUNE HAVER has just left my house.

For two hours I have been listening to this pretty blonde girl telling me her side of her short and sad marriage to Jimmy Zito. Sometimes she laughed nervously. More often she dissolved in tears that shook her thin body. Looking back on it, ours was an interview in sunshine and showers, with June supplying all the moods.

Until I talked with her, I had been as surprised as anyone over June's behavior. It has certainly been difficult to read her mind or to know what she meant by a sudden elopement to Las Vegas, a marriage in her Church two weeks later, then—out of the blue in two months—a separation, a quick reconciliation and finally a suit for divorce.

It was the conduct of an erratic and immature person. I was sufficiently irritated, I remember, to use June as an "example" on one of my radio broadcasts of young girls ruining their lives through impulsiveness. Marry in haste—and repent in ridicule.

Frankly, I was a little fed up with the antics of June. She was down in my book as a silly girl who had thrown away her chance for happiness, possibly (*Continued on page 101*)

June, Lon McCallister, co-stars, at "Summer Lightning" party



During brief reconciliation, June and Jimmy Zito went to the ice skating races, chatted with Marie McDonald



Christy finds June tempting. She stars in "Street with No Name"

They'll Remember Mama

For her dancing legs and
dancing heart—for the way she
plays her greatest role for
two little girls named James

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Betty Grable of "This Is
the Moment" with her two
children, Vicki and Jessica

Engstead





THE horses were running at Del Mar. They always do in the autumn. And Betty Grable and Harry James were there to see them. They always are; because it is here, for six weeks every year—for the last four years—that they honeymoon.

Betty looked just as dreamy as a girl on her honeymoon ought to look. Her eyes were shining, her lips were smiling, her suntanned skin was in lovely contrast to her golden hair and a pink print dress wrapped her incredible figure. And Harry James, sitting beside her, had the same glow of happiness and health.

Del Mar, it is necessary to report, is not a place at all. It is a race track and luxury hotel situated about a hundred miles south of Hollywood. That's all. No shops. No markets. And no toil. Del Mar is strictly for fun. The horses run every day except Sunday, while everybody watches. In between times everybody swims in the ocean or the hotel pool, plays golf on the club course, plays tennis, ditto, or croquet, ditto.

"I love it," Betty said. "I love the races and I love the people. Harry and I don't care anything for night life. When evening comes we play cards or go to the movies (Continued on page 90)

NOW, for three months I, Marie McDonald, have been Mrs. Harry Karl. I love this guy who has given me his name. What's more I completely respect and admire him. I'm a lucky girl.

But my having insight enough to appreciate a quiet guy like Harry wasn't any accident. Cora Marie Frye's being a model at the age of ten had a lot to do with it. Her stepdad being in the night-club business when she was twelve had more to do with it. And Marie McDonald's being tagged "The Body" was the topper.

I learned about men from all that. And not at all in the way you think.

Cora Marie Frye. That was yours truly at birth. I was born long legged and big eyed. My figure is no credit to me. I inherited it from my mother who inherited it from her mother.

I started dancing around to phonograph music when I was four. My parents were divorced when I was six and Mother and I moved from Kentucky, where I made my earthly debut, to Westchester, New York, where my grandparents lived. Their names were—get this—McDonald.

I was an only child and somehow I skipped ever being a "little girl." I grew up entirely surrounded by adults and I felt silly with kids my own age. By the time I was ten I was a model. People patted me on the top of my dark head and told me I was cute. Me—all I thought of modeling was that it was hard work, standing still that long. And it was. Watching the older girls, I knew I wasn't going to be a model when I grew up. I wanted more than trailing around show-rooms every day, smiling at a new set of visiting buyers every afternoon, coming in mornings with rings of weariness under the eyes.

I didn't know what I wanted until two years later when my mother remarried. Then I yearned for happiness just like hers. She married a man of Italian descent, who is one of the sweetest humans on earth.

Last year, for the first time, I was personally able to contribute to their happiness in a big way. I bought them a house on a little ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Daddy has a vineyard and makes his own wine. Mother has a garden and every night before dinner she goes out and picks fresh vegetables and lettuce. In the mornings, when she discovers some of her home-grown berries for the breakfast tray, she beams as though they were diamonds.

Daddy's night clubs were not the big gaudy affairs that make millions, but they were typical enough. I saw them from the inside—I could almost say the underside. Nobody had to tell me not to drink after I (Continued on page 92)

I Learned About Men

Being "The Body" was the
happy accident of birth. What's happened
after that isn't accidental at all

BY MARIE McDONALD



**Star pupil: Marie
McDonald of "Liv-
ing in a Big Way"**



BIG GUY

Big shoulders, big ambitions, that's the measure of the man who learned to keep his balance in the Big Top

BY DOROTHY DEERE

A FRAME like a stevedore's, blond hair with a butch haircut, an impolite insistence in his voice and a jaw line you feel you have met before—add them up and they total "Burt Lancaster."

As "Swede" in "The Killers," his first picture, Burt hit the screen with instant impact. "Swede" Lancaster really killed 'em—including the producers. Contracts and assignments fluttered down on his head like snow. "Brute Force," "Desert Fury," "I Walk Alone"—he walked right through them.

But Burt is "tired of walking through walls"—tired of prison escapes, gun battles and the brutality attendant on the top roles he has played in less than two years. His present portrayal in "All My Sons," at Universal-International, finds him very, very happy.

"I play an average guy—a solid character with high standards. A fellow whose flyer brother is killed because of faulty equipment, (Cont'd on page 99)



Valeska

The one-time circus acrobat knows how to keep in condition for his climb to stardom.

Male force: Burt Lancaster of "All My Sons"

← Morris



A

Irene Dunne of "I Remember Mama" remembers a sewing woman's hat which helped launch a new career!

Very Special Woman

Irene Dunne, shy enchantress

who likes her own way

BY ELSA MAXWELL

IF IT'S an unprejudiced story about Irene Dunne that you wish, turn the page. This isn't it. No one who has known Irene as long and intimately as I have could fail to believe that she is a very special woman.

The other day as Irene and I entered the dining room of one of the big New York hotels, the orchestra, which had been playing "Kokomo, Indiana," paused for a moment and then played "Alice Blue Gown."

"Irene," I said, "that's your old song."

Then I realized it was being played for her and that she knew it. She laughed that divine soft laugh of hers.

"They always do that," Irene said, "whenever I come here." She sounded pleased but also shy. For in spite of her great success she's never gotten over her shyness. It isn't now—as it never was—a shyness that makes her awkward or gauche. She's the most poised human being I know. Hers is a shyness of spirit. You sense it in her eyes, and in her laugh.

I was reminded that day of the first time I met Irene Dunne; long before she went into the movies. A friend of mine, one Elizabeth Russell of Louisville, Kentucky, very southern, charming, rich and social, had said to me: "Elsa, would you very much mind (Continued on page 78)"



Dr. Griffin's own prescription
for a happy marriage—his wife



Irene, as Vinnie, had plant and
maid trouble in "Life with Father"



7:00: Time to start a star's day. Ava Gardner ignores the clock's alarm for a few, cozy minutes

PHOTOPLAY

It's new! Camera capture of Ava Gard-



7:30: Coffee perks while Ava showers — short-cut to breakfast later



7:40: Scale session: One hundred and twenty pounds. Check!



7:50: Breakfast on the terrace while Ava, intelligent girl, catches up on the news

PHOTO DAY

ner from yawning rise to midnight bed



8:30: She counts the minutes with upward strokes—five to go

8:35: Another brush for her only make-up—lipstick



9:00: On schedule. The gold watch bracelet—designed by Ava herself



9:35: Off to Metro—the speedometer set to a busy morning

Photographs by Ann MacNamara



10:00: Picture conference with producer George Haight



10:30: Guilaroff, hair stylist, with sketches of hair-do's for "Wanted"



11:00: Posing for veteran studio portrait photographer Clarence Bull



11:30: Star autograph for studio mail boy



12:00: Substitute for lunch—her favorite sport at nearby court



3:15: Car inspection before shopping spree

4:30: Top-heavy return—all for the new apartment



5:00: Checks icebox inventory with Mearene



5:30: Homework: Returning telephone calls, answering fan mail





6:00: Tea-cup interview with Photoplay asking the questions



7:15: Time for final fitting of new Adrian suit



7:30: Date Bill Harbach calls—to get a line on evening's fun



7:31: They're dining in, dressing for Mocambo later



8:10: Hostess hello—typical Gardner glad hand



8:30: The way to a man's heart is by candlelight

9:35: Off to Mocambo: Next night—same place, different date



11:30: Back home early to study next day's lines. Hot milk helps!



12:00: Night watch. Seven hours before the alarm rings in another day



WHERE THERE'S

He's a riot in any language but

it's the giving not the gagging that makes

Bob Hope the ace joker in the pack

Bob enjoys a little clowning on the side. He's at premiere with wife, Linda and Tony



HOPE

BY HERB HOWE

On "The Paleface" set.
He had to reach under
his chair for this one!



Hope disintegrates if he doesn't keep moving!



BEFORE Bob Hope appears in the dressing-room door you know the circus is coming to town. You can hear the hubbub in the distance loud as calliopes. He enters jabbering over his shoulder to the parade of chums.

"Hi!" he chirps and goes to work shovelling guests out of mail drifts.

"I can tell where every letter comes from just reading the first line," he boasts. He picks one at random and reads, "Will you do me the honor . . . ?" That's England. Formal with a heart of gold, good old England!"

He grabs another. His face blanks out and he does a double take. It's in Finnish, a language in which Prof. Hope is obviously not at his best. He pulls a sleight of hand, takes a peek at the postmark and cries, "Finland, dear little Finland! Pays her debts and helps feed Hope besides, bless her heart."

All the world feeds Hope and vice versa. It's not just laughs he feeds them. He gives benefits from pole to pole—to feed blubber to Esquimaux, poi to Polynesians, politicians to starving cannibals. All the time, on and off, he gives. The giving not the gagging makes him Hope of the World. (Continued on page 95)

B. D. Inc.
BUREAU, CALIFORNIA

news—what she has to say about it is

HAVE been away from my job for a year. I have read much along the lines of checking up on Bette. After fifteen years in my profession there is little new to write—the main excuse at this point being that I have become a Mother. That is news. It, however, is not a rare accomplishment. I am not up on the statistics of how many babies are born every minute in every year in these great United States of ours, but it is safe to say I am one of hundreds of thousands. I am inspired to write this piece myself, as so much that is being written is misinformation—so much that I am doing is being misunderstood—so much is being said of my emotions as a Mother—so much that is either overboard or inadequate—that I have decided to dedicate this Thursday evening to checking up on myself for myself and for those who might be interested in what I myself do really feel about this revolution in my life.

Will she be an actress? I am fully aware she will most assuredly be (Continued on page 83)



Bette Davis of "Winter Meeting." Motherhood is a role she still prefers to play in private

This is Barbara Sherry, whose father took this snapshot of her



William Grant Sherry: He and Bette will soon be in business for themselves

I Was There

Photoplay's photographer knew

when he took these exclusive rodeo shots

they would be captioned by romance

BY JERRY DUSEK



Romance at the Rodeo: Roy and Dale Evans. She's in "The Trespasser"

"GET over to the Chicago Stadium," the boss told me, "and grab some shots of the cowboy and his lady—Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. It's still a secret, but they're going to be married the first of the year . . ."

I checked in at the little red door of the Stadium. I'd worked with Roy before, knew his quick smile and helpful cooperation. He made several suggestions about shots and helped me set them up.

Dale Evans was helpful too. She's a natural brunette now and I like her this way. And watching her with Roy, seeing how they enjoy working and being together, I was glad about the news I'd heard. After all, she's such an old friend that she's like a member of the Rogers family. And as my boss said, Roy's three kids, who are crazy about her, need her to look after them, just as Roy does.

Between shots, we chinned. Roy said he preferred the "two-a-day" to any other kind of personal appearances. The personal appearances that practically every movie star has to make now and then are pretty rugged—often mean five and six shows a day. Rodeo work is only "two-a-day." Besides Roy feels the rodeo is a more natural field for him as a Western star. Dale, too. So does their public, evidently. The night I was at the Stadium they turned hundreds away. Roy and Dale were returning to Hollywood when the show closed.

They grinned when they told me that. I didn't let on I knew why. But if you look close at Dale's engagement finger, you'll see the star ruby I saw the day I Was There.



Roy Rogers of "The Gay Ranchero" has another role in mind for Dale Evans

They're Tartars! No one recognized Lana Turner, with warrior Keenan Wynn



The Perils of Paris: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin strike an Apache pose for Hymie

PARTY OF THE MONTH

Beauty and the beast: That isn't a nightmare, Ann Blyth, it's Lawrence Tierney up to his monkey tricks



These gals were belles of the ball: Janet Leigh with hubby Stan Reams, Elizabeth Taylor with Tom Breen





Paul Brinkman puts the Indian sign on Jack Benny, stopping to chat with Jeanne Crain

**It's fun for all and all
for fun at the Hollywood Press**



Pretty Lila Leeds stopped the press—but Winchell doing a rhumba stopped Orson Welles!

Photographers' Ball

The John Lunds were intrigued by Dot Lamour's hilarious song about herself, Benny's hillbilly band

Keep this mum! Bob Hope, Dottie Lamour and the diamond encrusted gold watch he received as master of ceremonies



MATURE MOOD



Vic's den has masculine charm—features massive gray divans

WHEN the rave reviews started coming in on "Kiss of Death," Victor Mature, who still hadn't seen the picture, had one notable comment. "I'm in!" he said. "Now I can move to a smaller house."

Which of course would be impossible, considering the veteran and his wife and the three dogs who are living with him in the six-room place he has now.

Vic, not overly impressed with the unfamiliar adjectives critics used, was still unprepared for the sudden gain in stature he'd achieved.

Otherwise he would have been better prepared the day a studious reporter rang his doorbell with a solemn pencil extended ready to let the world in on the new "matured" Mature, who had made peace with his public at last. The door opened to a loud blast of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," two onrushing dogs and a jitterbugging Mature who wore bathing trunks, moccasins and robe, a miracle medal his mother had just sent him and a genuinely startled look.

Usually punctilious about business appointments, Vic had completely forgotten the interview. This was the fourteenth wedding anniversary of his ex-Coast Guard pal, Bud Evans, and his cute wife Ella, who live with him, and Vic—who has a deep reverence for matrimony—particularly fourteen years (*Continued on page 103*)

He's Victor—over the wrong kind of roles—the wrong impressions of a right kind of guy

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

"Happiest lonesome man in Hollywood": Victor Mature of "Ballad of Furnace Creek"

Smith



Peacock

Where Hollywood goes, so goes
our reporter to bring you fashion
accents on the news

TOO many pretties in the way of clothes to go any further into some of the arguments that are still raging fashion-wise in Hollywood. The "poor look" that Paris tried to foist on us hasn't taken on here at all. There is definitely a compromise in the shoulder treatments though. Not as straight and as square as last year—but not really narrow, nor really rounded either. Nipped in waistlines, yes! Padded hips—no!

As for those heavy, overdone hats—we note that the gals can take 'em or leave 'em—and mostly they're leaving 'em. One exception is Joan Leslie's topper of blue fox; yet its half-angle tilt and general contour (a halo effect caught up with a pale gray and pink velvet rose toward the front) offset the burdensome look of most of the new chapeaux. Joan wore it to the swanky new L'Aiglon Restaurant with a lovely gray wool dressmaker suit that featured a longer jacket—utterly simple lines.

The Damon Runyon Fashion Show Benefit really got a lot of the gals out, not only to view the new clothes—but to show off some of their own. Lynn Bari was there in a beige and black dress with a long hipline, and only little tucks gathered to emphasize the waist. Sleeves were black from elbow to wrist, so were the last twelve (Continued on page 77)



Unique: Paulette Goddard brightens

rainy days in dramatic style

Parade

BY EDITH GWYNN

Photoplay's Reporter-About-Town



Plaid perfect: Anita Colby's shawl features shiny black beads

A swish of silver: Gail Russell's gown leads a double life

Off-shoulder elegance: Marguerite Chapman's gingham taffeta with velvet trim. Red geraniums add color dash



HOLLYWOOD TOUR



White, low, gabled—the home of Joan Fontaine of “Letters from an Unknown Woman” and Bill Dozier—nestles against a hill

The tour road leads upwards to Joan
Fontaine’s hilltop home, where picture
windows frame the changing seasons



Guests linger in the formal dining room where tall cabinets display the ageless beauty of antique dishes





Milk cans, lacquered green, become lamps in Joan's living room. Dutch figures etched in tile around the fireplace are glowingly framed by rose walls, wine rugs and drapes

THIS month one of the most exciting Hollywood Tours takes you exploring through Joan Fontaine's home high in the Brentwood Hills, where nature peeks in through every window. Only eight rooms, but each one inviting you to stop and linger—over the antique spice cabinet on the living-room wall, the book-lined archway into the hall, the veranda where Joan and Bill breakfast, overlooking the mountains and ocean, the two big couches set in ceiling-to-floor bookshelves in the guest room, the jungle rock garden bordering the swimming pool.



The sunroom, heart of Joan's home, where guests relax—ivy, planted near the ceiling, brings in the outdoors even on a dull day



"Lazy Susan" bedside tables revolve, hiding telephone and miscellany in niches and drawers

DANGEROUS DAN



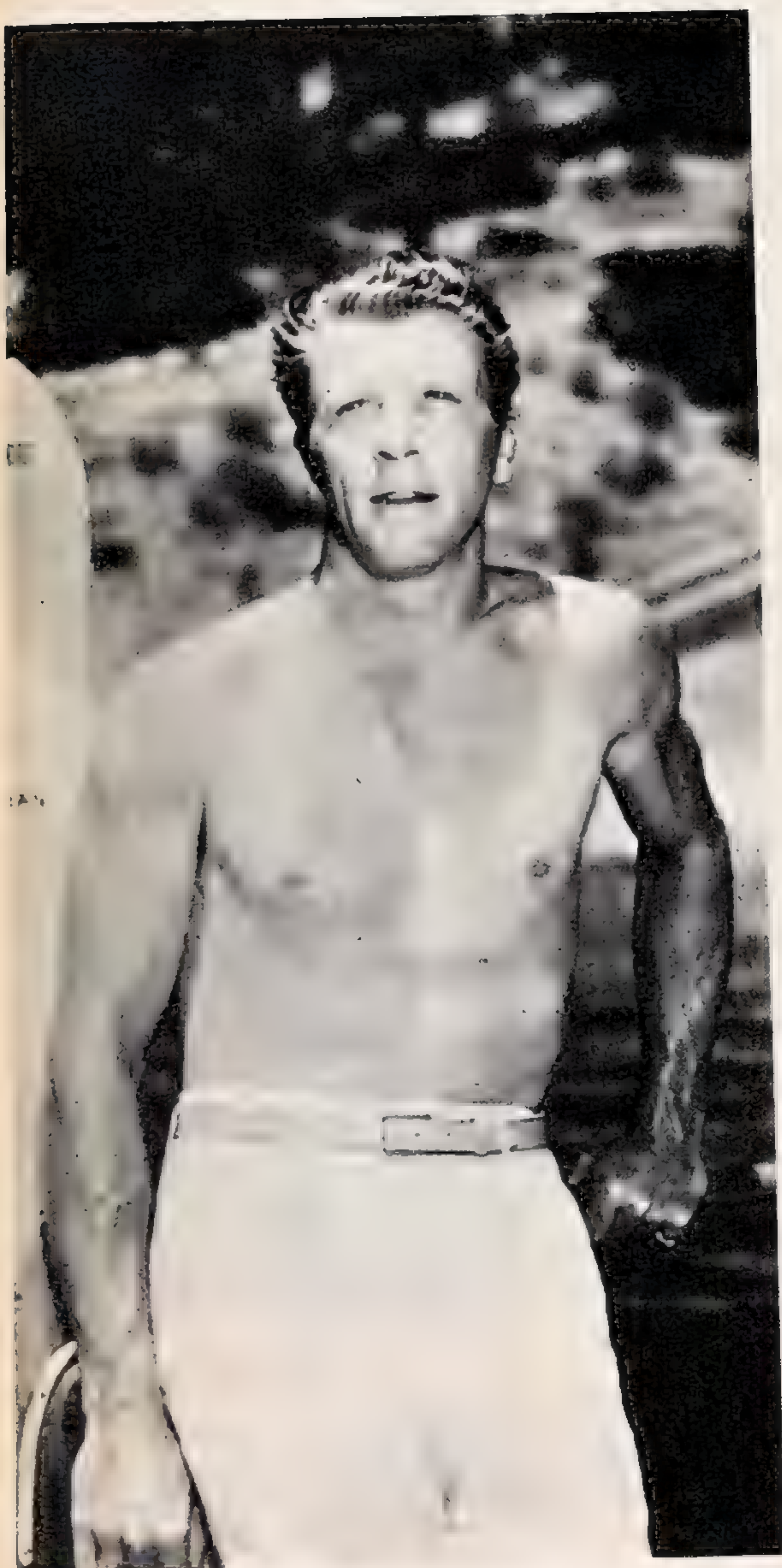
For Dailey fun: Dan relaxes on water skis at Lake Arrowhead

"He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it."

THIS was it. His first day's shooting on "Mother Wore Tights," his first chance to hoof before the camera, his first scene with Betty Grable.

Six-feet-four wasn't kidding himself. No one—nothing could really help him now, except what he'd garnered from those years dedicated to hard work and experience. This was "opening night" in Dan Dailey's private show world and each two hundred and ten pounds of him knew it.

It was Betty Grable who recognized certain occupational symptoms. Even on black Irish Mondays, Dan appears to be easygoing. His Bing blue eyes (Crosby, that is) sparkle. He's a casual yakker, his funny friendly features crinkle at the least provocation. As they broke for lunch, the girl who hoofed her way up from Paramount musicals put her arm through (Continued on page 80)



A five-year-old dancing test gave
Dan his first real screen chance

Six-foot-four knew this was it. He took one look at
Betty Grable, said a prayer and let his
tap-happy feet take over

BY JERRY ASHER



Dan, of "Give My Regards
to Broadway," is a long
way from Times Square now

Elizabeth rode away with Dan's heart the day he saw her in a local horse show



Cinderella in Pigtails



Fink

Janet Leigh, quaint and lovely, in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge"

You don't often find fairy godmothers

in mountain ski lodges—but that's

where Janet Leigh met hers

JANET LEIGH knew perfectly well how she should look the day Hollywood sent for her. A few weeks previously she wouldn't have been interested. A few weeks previously she had been occupied helping her brand-new husband, Stanley Reams, organize an orchestra. Only the orchestra had diminished until just two members were left, Janet and Stanley.

She dressed up in her best college tea frock the day Hollywood sent for her. She spent hours having her hair shampooed and dressed in a high, strictly sophisticated coiffure. In her upswept hair she pinned large purple flowers. And these she complemented with long purple gloves.

"You look fine. You look swell," the agent said. "But now run home and de-glamorize. No make-up, hair loose—and wear a sweater and skirt."

She did as he said. An hour later she returned with her honey colored hair loose; looking wistful and natural. "Looking," as Van Johnson says, "the way your grandfather would insist your grandmother looked when she was sixteen."

Janet is Hollywood's *Cinderella*, proof positive that a slim nineteen-year-old, just out of college, recently married, and without a thought in the world of becoming a movie star, can become just that.

It was Norma Shearer who was Janet's fairy god-mother. Norma, vacationing at a ski lodge at Stockton, California, saw a picture of the receptionist's daughter wearing ski clothes. "She ought to be in pictures," Norma said. And, returning to Hollywood, she took the photograph of Janet with her. Within the week Janet herself was in Hollywood, wearing her purple gloves and flowers—until her agent sent her home to let down her hair and wash her face.

The agent knew, you see, that the role for which Janet was being considered was that of an Ozark mountain girl in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge."

Two weeks later she was on her way to the Santa Cruz mountains for exterior scenes. She pitched hay, hauled water and gathered in the wheat. She learned, also, the gentle art of milking a cow. Her hands, nails broken, soon enough took on the authentic look of a farm girl's hands.

"Still she was lovely," according to Van Johnson. "There is something different, almost quaint about her. It takes more than a beauty shop to have a girl look as fresh as Janet did after a day's threshing."

Studio limousines transported them from their hotel to the farm where they worked every day. At an unearthly hour. Nevertheless, always, fans were lined up at the fence. Several autograph books were shoved at Janet. "Could we trouble you . . ."

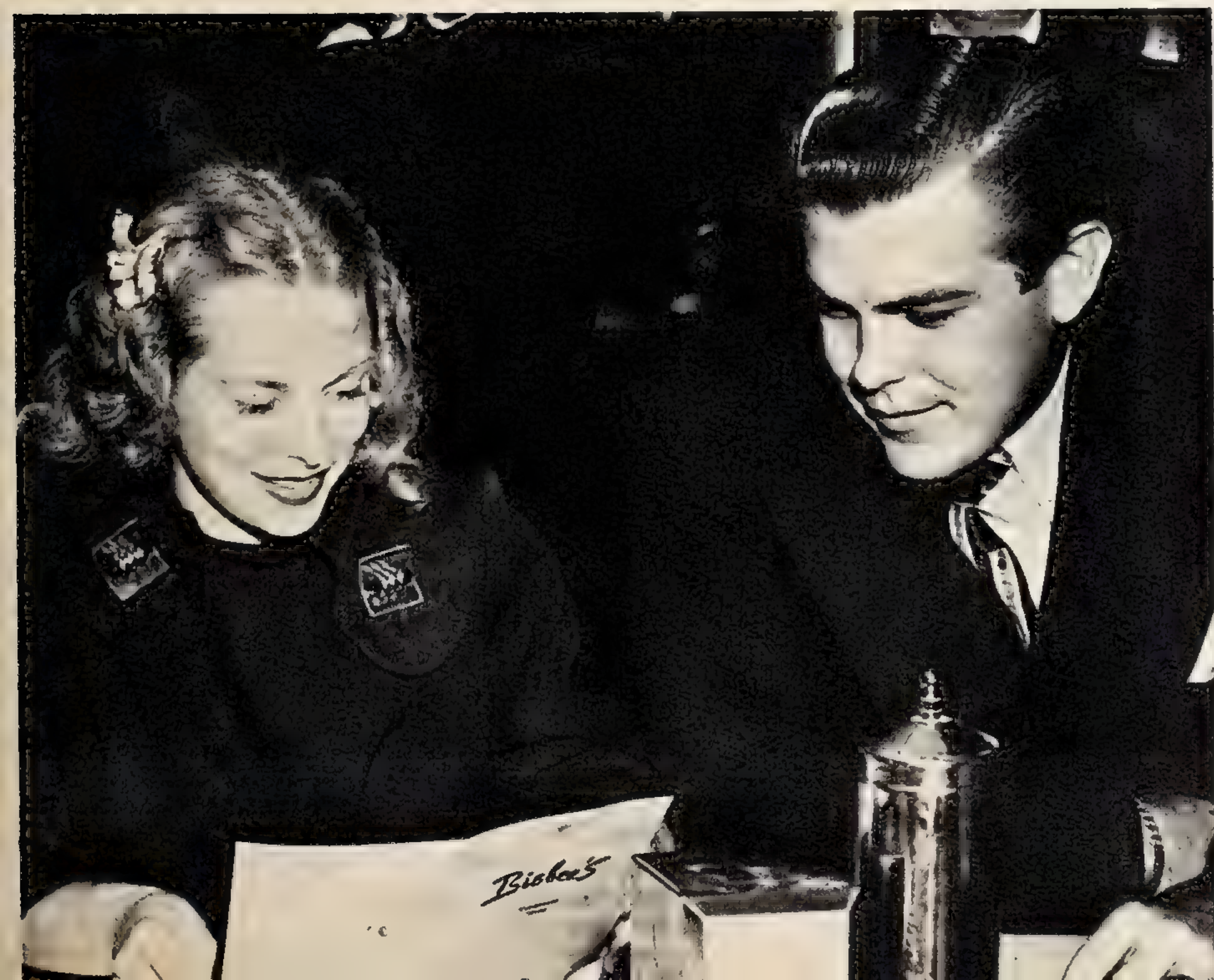
Her face shone. "Oh, it's no trouble," she assured them. She was so excited she even forgot to be shy; as shy as she was when the other members of the company sat talking between scenes. At such times she would sit a little distance away knitting. After the first week, however, her husband sat beside her. She got so lonely being away from him, among so many strangers and with so much going on, that he took a job with the company to be near.

It looks as if Hollywood is to be their permanent address too. For when Metro executives saw the rushes of Janet in "The Romance of Rosy Ridge" they decided she was *the girl* for Walter Pidgeon in "If Winter Comes." Then she was cast in "Hills of Home."

From here we'd say it's a safe bet that *Cinderella* Leigh's Hollywood coach will not become a pumpkin.

BY ELAINE ST. JOHNS

Janet and husband Stanley Reams.
Her prince was already by her side.



Janet knew just how she should look the day Hollywood sent for her

PERSONAL

APPEARANCE-

1948



It's the little touches that count with Joan Caulfield

A NEW YEAR—time for every smart girl to tip her hat to the past, roll up her sleeves and get down to the job of planning for a more beautiful future.

First on the agenda: Wardrobe mistakes. Take a tip from the department stores and make a little January inventory of your own possessions. Get rid of all the useless bits and pieces that clutter up your closet. Joan Caulfield doesn't wait for New Year's day. She has a monthly clothes inspection in which she appraises her accessories, restores those not in repair and adds a scarf or belt or purse designed to brighten and put new life into the oldest outfit.

And while we're on the subject of clothes, let's have a little closet inspection. Do you have a place for everything? And is everything in its place? Now that we're following grandmother's fashion trends, we might adopt (Continued on page 70)



Wardrobe witchery: Betty Hutton's closets have glassed-in doors for clear-eyed vision

Gail Russell's hobby pays off in mental happiness

Spark your future with these
direct-from-Hollywood ideas if
you'd be an up-to-date date

BY ANITA COLBY
Photoplay's Beauty Editor



(Continued from page 68) a few of those worthwhile adages from her strict house-keeping manual. A little paint, a roll of wallpaper and a little ingenuity can do wonders for your closet. Betty Hutton has glass doors on the wardrobes that hold her luscious evening clothes. The floor of this glassed-in view is covered with the flowers, feathers and other feminine cloth gadgets which Betty uses to perk up her outfits. Not all of us can afford this sort of thing, but a smart, inexpensive idea comes from Olga San Juan, who rejuvenated her closet by papering the walls in gay red and white stripes, covering her hat boxes to match. On the floor she laid a piece of bright red felt.

Beauty-conscious gals know a clothes closet is as definite an aid to beauty as last night's facial. Blouses and skirts hung correctly on padded or wooden hangers to keep them from sliding off, will keep the press in your next morning's wardrobe. Cuts down cleaning and pressing bills too. Tissue paper stuffed in the toes of shoes keeps them looking shapely. Save precious moments when you're dressing for the office or a date by organizing your wardrobe, with blouses kept together, dresses in one section and suits in another.

WHILE you are thinking of the future and making good resolutions (which you sincerely mean to keep, of course) promise yourself that you will keep your hair clean, shining and neatly coiffed. If your pocketbook permits, have it done professionally at least once a week. If not, learn to do it yourself. Fifteen minutes before bedtime devoted to putting your hair up in pin curls will give you many hours of assurance during the week. Brush your crowning glory regularly and when you do go to a beauty parlor, ask the operator to brush your hair dry so that you may have that extra stimulation. If the operator is too rushed, instead of pushing you under a dryer, ask her to let you brush your own hair dry. Tell her that's the way movie stars keep their hair shiny and healthy. If she's a progressive hairdresser, she will thank you for this tip.

A most important point on the agenda is—your make-up a la 1948. Remember that in this year of 1948 A.D., the trend is toward the unmade-up look. The blood-red lips and heavily-rouged cheeks of the past are passé. For evening and bright lights you can afford to be a little more lavish, but even then, be discreet and subtle in keeping with your new lady-like wardrobe. Always make sure

the powder on your face blends gradually into your neck make-up. It is the mark of the amateur to have a sharp delineation between the color of her face and her throat.

HOLD that line! Even if you're allergic to exercise and devoted to lemon meringue pie, you'll bemoan that poundage when you step before the mirror in your 1948 ensemble. Resolve to exercise discrimination (as well as your muscles) and concentrate on leafy green salads for lunch, high protein foods for dinner. Substitute a fruit cup for the pie. And let compliments take the place of sweets in your life. Your doctor will be glad to work out a proper diet for your individual needs. After you get his advice, give him your cooperation.

In looking ahead to your future, don't neglect to hear yourself as others hear you. Personal appearance will make you friends, but your social manners and your conversation will keep your friends.

Don't go out with a man of doubtful reputation. A good book will do you more good in the long run. Reading a newspaper with your morning coffee will keep you up on today's news and tomorrow's conversation. An art gallery is an inexpensive place to spend a Sunday afternoon and a wonderful way to learn good taste.

In this revolutionary period in which we live, it is important for us all to be good citizens. Read more. Take part in community activities. Join clubs and develop hobbies. Often hobbies develop into a source of income and many times lead to interesting careers. Failing that, they provide a source of education and satisfaction. Gail Russell, like many other Hollywood actors and actresses, paints because she finds it relaxes her. Her friends admire and respect her work and she is a happier person for having developed her latent talents. It pays in mental happiness to have a hobby, be it ceramics, writing poetry, painting, or crocheting charming table mats.

On the social side, too, remember your manners. There is no such thing as good or bad manners. There are only manners. Bing Crosby, for instance, always has the same gracious manner for a little secretary as he has for a studio head. To be thoughtful of others is to invite thoughtfulness in others.

So with a backward glance at the past and a best face forward to a gracious future, we close the book on 1947 and open it to 1948.

Happy New Year!
THE END

Photoplay Fashions

Peggy Thorndike
Editor

Gerry Southmayd
Service Manager

Jack Force Jr.
Art Director

Photographers
John Engstead
Jerry Ehrlich

Martha Vickers, who started her career as a model, keeps her beautiful figure by walking at least a mile a day. She wants to continue being "bad"—on the screen. You'll see her in "Prelude to Night," a Producing Artists picture

Give your suits an exciting new touch with this delicious sweater
whipped up by Catalina in smart cable stitching. Also comes
in pink, maize or baby blue. Sizes 34-40. \$7.00 at Gimbels, New
York, N. Y., and Broadway Dept. Store, Inc., Los Angeles, Cal.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 88



Duet

The singing of **Doris Day**, vivacious
Warner star, will gladden your
heart in "Romance in High C"

A dress by Henry Rosenfeld with the
new lines; right to wear this minute.
Perfect foil for accessories in bright and
dark shades. Sizes 7—15, \$22.95. At A.
Harris & Co., Dallas, Texas, and Wood-
ward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

*For other stores in your vicinity write to the
manufacturer listed on page 88*

for 1948

Mouton coat of the year by Feshbach & Ackerman. Fashion right is the small collar and full cuffed sleeves. Sizes 10—20 or 11—17. \$159.00 (tax not included) at Lipman Wolfe & Co., Portland, Ore., and Macy's, New York, N. Y.



Photoplay's **PATTERN OF THE MONTH**

Ella Raines wears the Grace Houston coat in "The Senator Was Indiscreet"

This gay topper, worn with a jaunty air by Ella Raines in Universal-International's "The Senator Was Indiscreet," is the kind of a coat that is right over suits or over your lightest summer dress. Make it in Forstmann's Duvana, Charmona, or Jerseen depending on the weight you want. All these fabrics come in Forstmann's new Holiday Colors which range from pale pastel to light bright shades.

For Pattern Sketches see page 93

Photoplay Patterns,
205 East 42nd Street,
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Ella Raines—"The Senator Was Indiscreet" coat in size (Circle size you wish) 12 - 14 - 16 - 18 - 20.

My name and address is:

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



FOR MORE FASHIONS SEE PAGE 85 →



Tips from Jane Greer for
honeymoon enchantment

Beauty Spots

By

MARY

JANE

FULTON

They Eloped

JANE GREER came back to Hollywood looking very, very happy from her Arizona location of "Station West," her latest RKO film in which she co-stars with DICK POW-

ELL. Jane looked happy because she turned that location trip into an elopement to Las Vegas with EDWARD LASKER. And RKO gave the happy couple time for a brief honeymoon by shooting the picture all around Jane for a few days.

Plan Real Honeymoon Soon

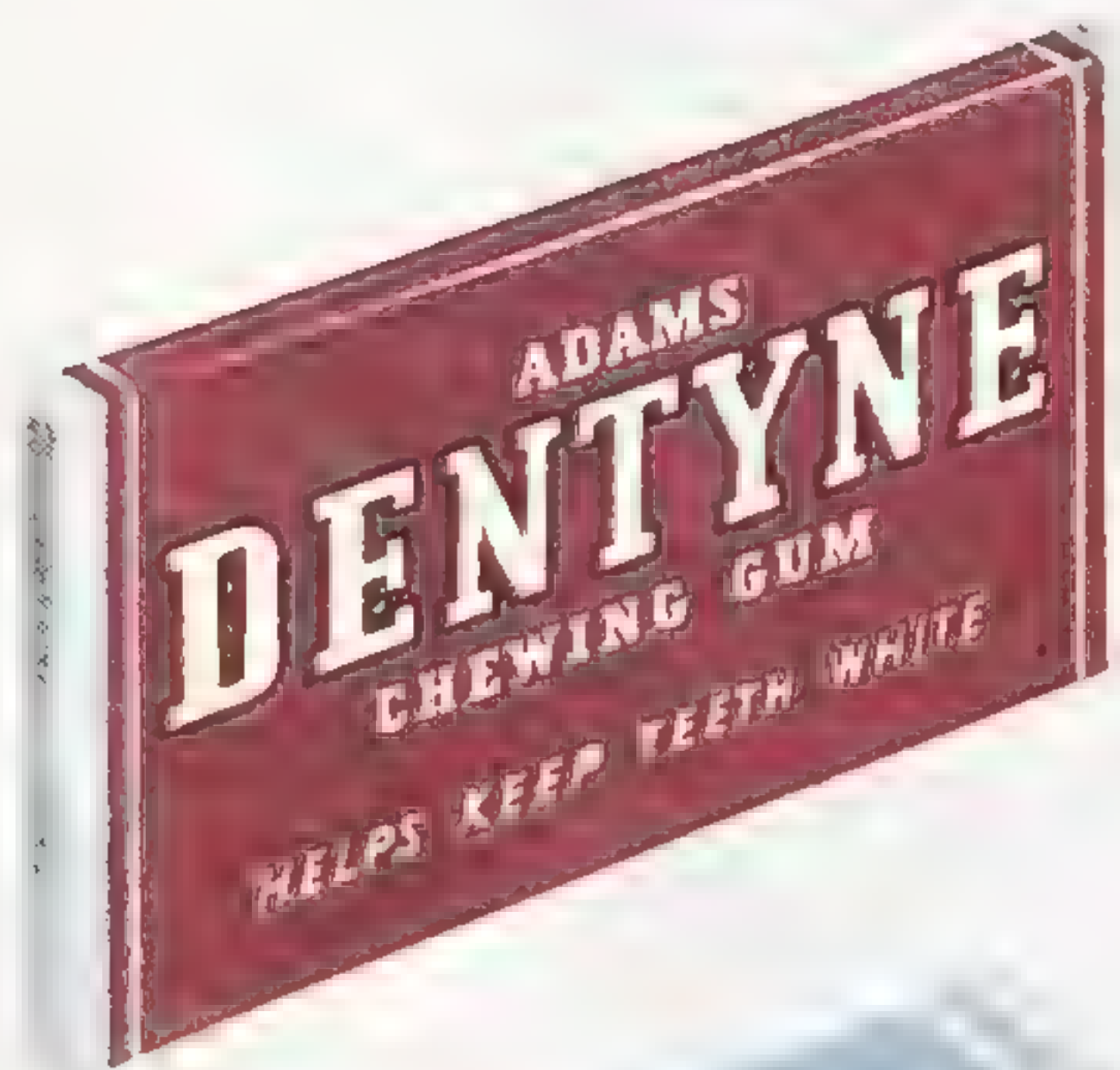
JANE and her husband hope they can go to the mountains soon for some skiing—and a real honeymoon. Two weeks before they go she'll start exercising to limber up her muscles so she'll be able to spend all day on the ski run, and feel like dancing at night. But to make sure that stiffness and soreness won't slow up her fun, she'll take along rubbing alcohol and give herself a good rubdown with it. Because she knows that a brisk wind whipped up while sliding downhill at umpteen miles an hour plays havoc with a pretty coiffure, Jane will pin her hair in pin curls and hide them under her ski helmet. Then at the end of the day when she brushes her shoulder-length bob, her hair will be soft and in curl. She'll spray a fragrant hairdressing on her tresses, a subtle trick to be more enchanting.

Her Winter Beauty Hints

While outdoors skiing, she'll apply a colorless lip pomade under her lipstick, and lots of hand lotion or cream on her legs and hands. Under her ski mitts she'll wear thin cotton gloves for extra warmth and to make sure the cream or lotion will get in its good work of softening and whitening her hands all day long. She'll wear little make-up when outdoors—just lip coloring and powder over protective lotion or cream. For in high altitudes, Jane knows the wind and sun are strong enough to burn her skin to an ugly red in a few hours. She will also wear ski goggles. Before dressing for the evening, she'll bathe her eyes with a soothing eye wash and lie down for fifteen minutes with herbal eye pads over her closed lids. Edward thinks his bride is especially lovely. And being a smart girl, Jane intends to keep lovely for him.



Dentyne — part of the fun of going places...



Always right there with what it takes for enjoyment—Dentyne Chewing Gum, it's keen chewing gum! That refreshingly different, long-lasting flavor really satisfies.

And Dentyne's special plus is its pleasantly firm chewiness that helps keep teeth sparkling white!

Chew Dentyne and smile. Try the other Adams quality gums too—they're all delightful. Always—

buy gum by Adams



Reg. Trade Marks

Now! 3 Sizes of Modess!

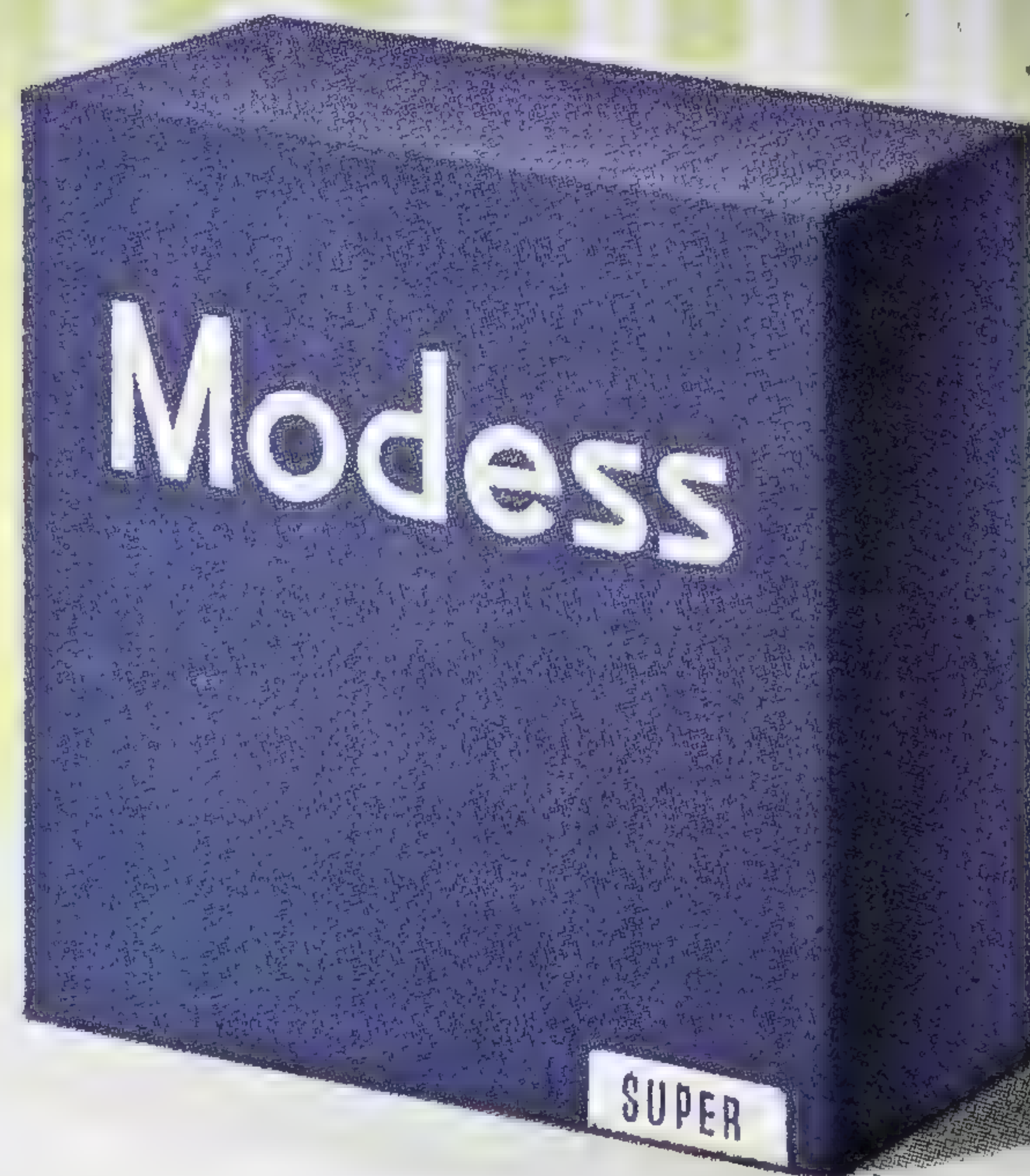
to meet every woman's needs



- **Modess Regular** in the familiar blue box. Ideal for average needs . . . it's the size most women use. A luxury napkin—so soft, so comfortable, 8 out of 10 women in a recent test reported: *no chafing with Modess!* And wonderfully absorbent!



- **Modess Junior** in the green box. A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and so-safe protection as Regular size Modess.



- **Modess Super** in the orchid box. *Extra* absorbent, *extra* protective—yet soft and light as a cloud. Ideal for days when you need above-average protection. Every Modess Super (Regular and Junior sizes, too) has a triple, full-length safety shield.

Product of Personal Products Corporation • Makers of Modess, Meds, Co-ets, Yes Tissues, Sanitary Belts

All 3 sizes — Now on Sale at your favorite store

Peacock Parade

(Continued from page 60) inches of skirt. The long over-blouse effect of the rest of the dress was of beige, except for a tiny black standing collar. She wore a stunning little black veiled hat, black suede gloves and shoes and bag. Gale Storm wore a nifty outfit with an idea that can really do things for any simple black, navy or brown dress you think you're tired of. Gale used two enormous brightly-colored silk handkerchiefs to achieve a stunning effect. One was tied around her hips, the other slung around the shoulders. Her dress underneath was of plain black silk, with a big handbag of matching material. The gals went *maaad* for a plaid wool dinner dress (that quickly became an evening gown when its generous shawl was thrown aside) that Anita Colby was modeling at the show. And she looked more beautiful than ever in this full-skirted, tight-bodiced, strapless dress of various shades of green with black and white forming the plaid. The matching plaid shawl which can be draped or tied around one, is studded with hundreds of small shiny black beads! . . . And while on things unique—you can't blame Paulette Goddard for grabbing that gold-colored hooded raincoat that John Frederics designed for her. She took it to England and then when she got back had her furrier line it with her leopard coat.

SONJA HENIE almost had a fit at Charlie Morrison's lavish party for Jane Greer and her millionaire groom, Ed Lasker, in the Champagne Room, when Georgette Windsor (you'll see her first in "Luxury Liner") walked in with practically the same elaborate evening gown. Sonja had arrived just two days before from Paris with hers—but Georgette's was made right in Hollywood! La Henie's is of light yellow very heavy satin and the material gathers across the front to form a giant bustle in the back. Bottom of the skirt falls free and drags behind her just a bit. There's lovely draping across the bust too, and it's strapless. Sonja's new diamond necklace (three strands with large marquise diamonds dripping from the bottom strand all across the front) left most people breathless. But not Sonja! She and Greg Bautzer were jabbering away all evening. The party was beautifully decorated—with thousands of fresh gardenias covering most of the fixtures, forming little "trees" on the tables, and button-hole buds for the men. Each guest had ice cream in the form of a tiny bride and groom for dessert—along with some lovely gypsy music. Hollywood has gone simply mad (as have the European capitals) on the subject of string music. The best places are featuring string combinations to play sentimental music through dinner. Some have just a few pieces—others, like L'Aiglon, have a dozen or more fiddles!

Edith Head made a lovely evening gown for Gail Russell to wear in "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Gail was so crazy about it she bought it for herself. A "thousand eyes" were on it one night at Mocambo because it's of dusty pink taffeta full of silver dots about the size of a quarter. It has a corset effect but the lacing is up the back. The bodice, which gathers above this, is detachable and can be used as over-the-shoulder treatment for less formal occasions just by putting the dress on differently. The skirt swings luxuriously full to the floor from the hip-line. . . . Difficult to wear unless you have a form divine, and much more sophisticated, is the

very chic dress that Hazel Brooks wore to a small dinner party one night. It's of draped green wool jersey—and what draping! Skin-tight, yet horizontally draped from below the bust to below the hips, the draping then begins to fall in biased, then vertical folds to the floor. Neckline, also draped, falls softly off the shoulders from a low, boat-shaped decolletage. One big diamond pin and drop earrings were her only jewelry. Hazel's hair-do is startlingly simple. She just parts her very long tresses in the middle and lets it go at that.

Doris Day who film-debuts in "Romance in High C" has a charming new basic wardrobe item in the form of a black velveteen suit. The short jacket has a high, empire style collar. It buttons snugly to the waist with brilliant buttons, and wide cuffs give the jacket an added old-world look. The skirt is mid-calf length and cut in a very full circle. She can wear it without the jacket with varied blouses and have a "new dress" each time. One favorite of hers is a heavy white crepe shirt worn with three narrow gold belts at the waist.

PETTY HUTTON, vacationing at Arrowhead, had some ideas of her own about what to do with suits. She made a man's necktie into a nice feminine accessory. She loves the hand-painted western scenes in desert colors of mauve, gray and slate blue and she has such ties "picked up" by having the designs outlined with tiny sequins of contrasting shades. She wears them with tailored shirtwaists and skirts.

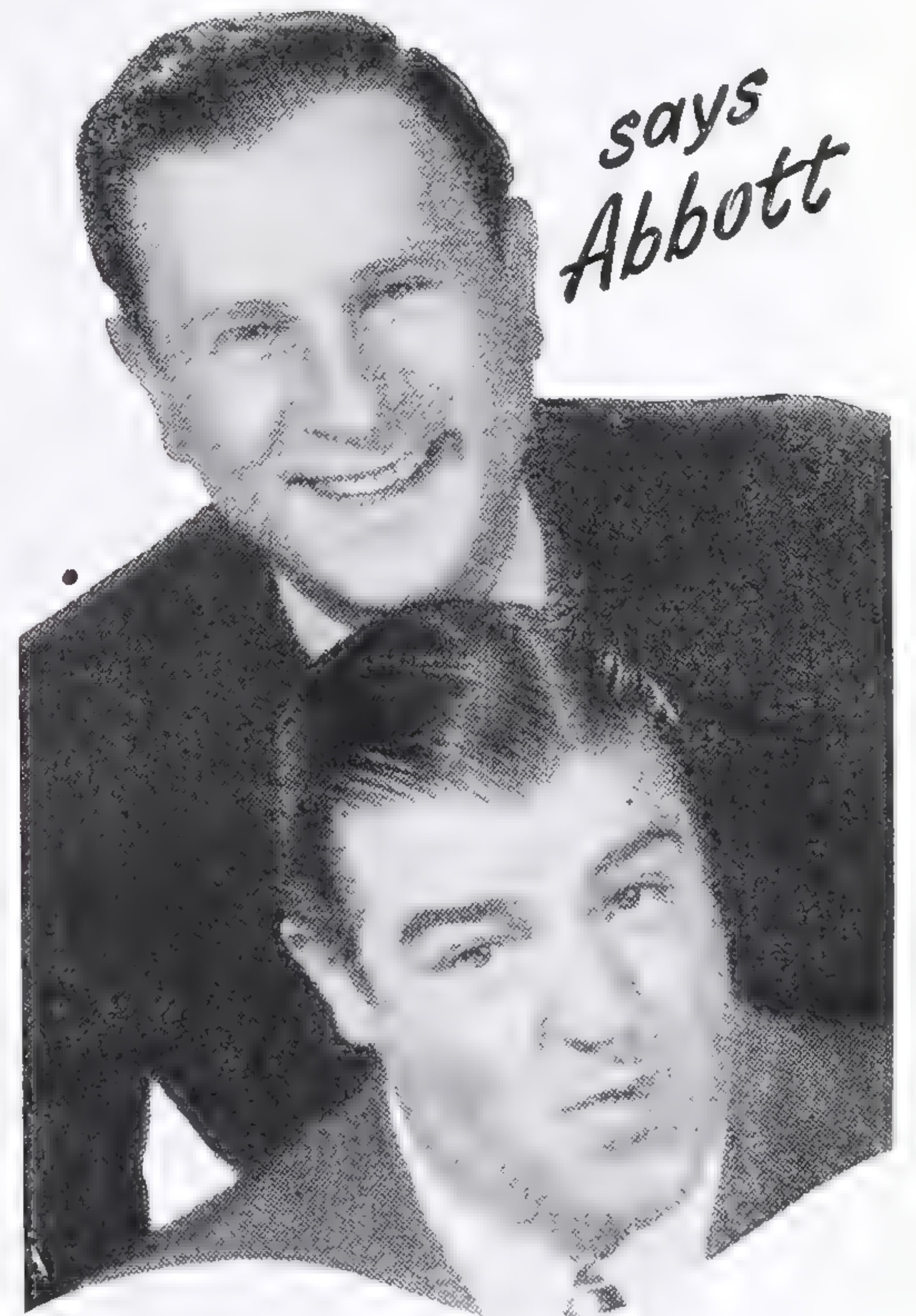
The new fashions are all toward elegance and Joan Bennett's dinner suit of light beige wool and the beautiful white satin gown Diana Lynn wore to her own birthday party are no exceptions. Joan dined at La Rue in the jacket-dress we speak of, and the coat was long and fitted with a scalloped bottom over the two-tiered skirt. Bottom of the skirt (about twelve inches from the floor) also followed the scalloped line. The top of the dress was of nude souffle with bronze-colored sequins splashed all over the right shoulder. She wore a wide-brimmed hat of beige velvet, that had a square crown of the bronze sequins—brown suede shoes and gloves.

Bob Neal, Diana's best beau, took her and the newly wed Jane Withers and Bill Moss to the Champagne Room for dinner on Diana's twenty-first birthday. And he gave her a diamond bracelet for a birthday present. Next gift will be an engagement ring, we betcha. Later they all went home, jumped into evening clothes and that's where we caught up with Diana's gorgeous white satin evening dress—in Mocambo. Strapless, form-fitting, with just the suggestion of a corset effect (done with heavy seams down the bodice and continuing to the hip-line all around) and the stiff satin skirt so full she could hardly get through the door. Where the seams from the bodice ended, the skirt fell from deep unpressed pleats seemingly made by the seams themselves. Across the top of the low-cut bodice was a cuff of the satin. She carried a large, square, bright red satin bag; red satin open-toed sandals on her feet. . . . Reminds us to bet you that the Hollywood gals aren't going to go for those new closed-toe shoes. In fact, the owners of several booteries here have already told us they just can't sell them to the glamour girls. And if you ask us, as goes Hollywood—on the screen or off—so go the style trends these days!

THE END

For More Photoplay Fashions See Page 85

"When Acid
Indigestion
tries to crab
our act, we
take TUMS!"



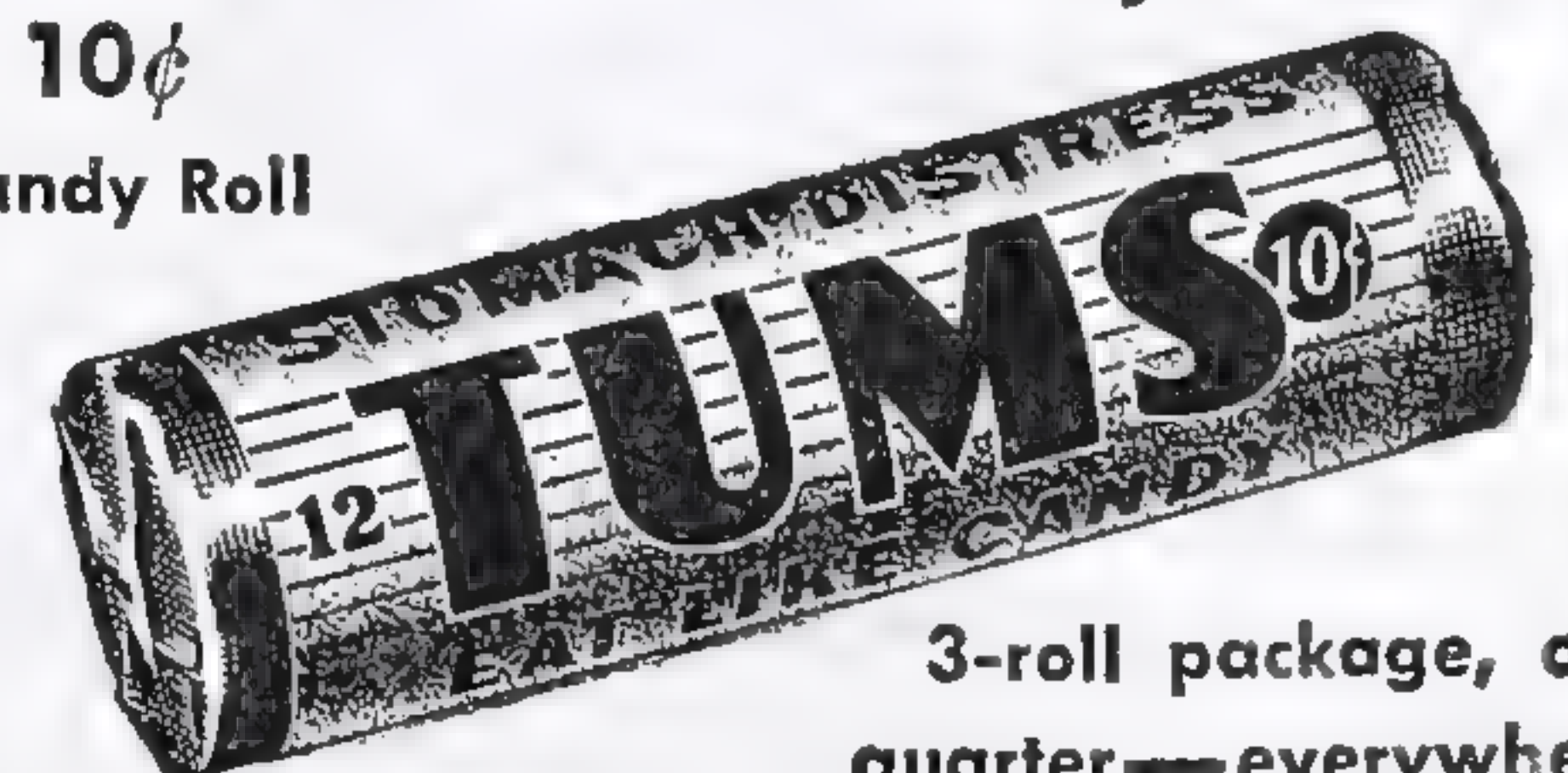
"YES," says *Costello*,
"never any question about who's on
first with relief. It's Tums!"

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MONEY BACK IF RETURNED IN 10 DAYS

A Very Special Woman

(Continued from page 45) meeting Irene Dunne? She's a little friend of mine who is on the stage; but she is lovely really..."

We lunched, Elizabeth Russell, Irene and I, at the Ritz where the loveliest women in New York always are to be found.

I thought, meeting Irene, "My dear, you are just a little girl who has come out as a young star. But you are going to be a great hit, you will go into the movies no doubt. And what will that do to you?" I didn't like my conclusions. "She will lose her head," I thought, "and her sense of values. It happens to all of them."

I didn't see Irene again for years, until 1933. She had, in the meantime, married Doctor Francis Griffin and come to Hollywood to make a musical version of "Present Arms," which was called "Leathernecking." A very bad picture it was, too!

NEVER will I forget how delighted I was with Irene the night I went to her home to dine. For Irene and Frank have made a wonderful life for themselves. Neither their house nor their life pivots about any movie star routine. Away from the studios, Irene is one hundred per cent Mrs. Francis Griffin. With Frank she is as deliciously feminine as she is on the screen with Rex Harrison or William Powell. It is her good instinct to be a woman when she is with a man. Do I need add that men adore her?

Guests at the Griffins' small parties are newspaper editors and people from Washington, all mentally invigorating. And Irene does not live like a guest in her home. She's familiar with her kitchen. She's familiar, too, with her garden and has won prizes in horticulture shows for her zinnias, the largest and most beautiful I have ever seen. Every week Irene teaches her daughter, Mary Francis, voice and the piano—after she has taken voice and piano lessons herself. Between her and her daughter there is a deep camaraderie. A good Catholic, she's a familiar figure in her neighborhood church. Her thinking, too, is clear and direct. When she played Anna in "Anna and the King of Siam" I predicted, with enthusiasm, that she would be nominated for the Motion Picture Academy Award. She shook her head at me. "Elsa," she pointed out indulgently, "you forget it is not a love story. And no girl can get an Oscar who isn't taken into the fellow's arms." Right now she's disturbed about the many magazine and newspaper stories which picture her as a grand lady. "I suffer," she says, "from too many powder-puff burns."

Which brings me to report that Irene is not only a grand lady, she's also a fighter. Otherwise you would not know her. Back in 1930 when "Leathernecking" was a dismal failure and all musical pictures were in disfavor, the RKO studios, to whom Irene was under contract, wanted to get rid of her. They had so little confidence in her for anything but musicals that they did not even test her—although they tested practically every actress in town—for the coveted role of *Sabra Cravat* in "Cimarron."

"I had to talk and talk," Irene says "before I could convince them that since they were paying me a salary anyhow they had nothing to lose—except a few extra hundred feet of film—by letting me try for *Sabra*."

Irene and Frank like to tell how she prepared to take that test. On the Sunday before she was to make it she implored Frank to play golf. But all day, from breakfast until dinner time, with only a brief pause for luncheon, he was her audience. This way and that she tried the lines until, by that intangible magic which a

good actress creates, she finally captured the character of *Sabra*.

At the studio it was the same. When they brought her the clothes she was to wear for the test she frowned at the hat. "Sabra wouldn't wear that hat," she announced with that gentle firmness of hers which too many people do not plumb. "There is a sewing woman in the work-room, who has just such a hat as *Sabra* would wear—so—on top of her head. I will borrow it from her."

And it was with the sewing woman's hat on top of her head—so—that she took the test that won her the role in "Cimarron" that rescued her from the discard, that launched her on her brilliant career.

However, hard as Irene will fight for her career and meticulously as she works when she is in production she does not put her career above all else. With her, first things come first...

Not long ago, when Frank Griffin had a heart attack, she bowed out of the picture for which she then was preparing. For two months she lived at the hospital with Frank. In fact from the moment he came home from the golf course after lunch to lie down because he felt ill she left his side only to go to church and pray.

At this time she and Frank were involved in negotiations for a Motel that they hoped, through their experience with the luxurious Beverly Hills Hotel in which they own an interest, would be the biggest and grandest and, by the same token, the most popular Motel in the world. But Irene let these negotiations go by the board to remain at Frank's bedside.

"What is the use of millions without the husband you adore," she said simply.

SHE HAS fight and spirit, depend upon that. She has humor, too. She laughs that delicious throaty laugh as she tells of a hectic Sunday in San Francisco when Harriet Parsons's company of "I Remember Mama" was filming the elaborate 1910 sequence of this story. They were working in front of the famed Ferry Building in the horse-drawn vehicles of the period together with a few new-fangled horseless carriages. All San Francisco had turned out to watch the spectacle and it was no easy job to keep onlookers from swamping the camera, crew and actors. Two women finally did manage to get within conversing distance of Irene. One asked, "Is this going to be in Technicolor?" Before Irene could answer, however, the second woman said scathingly, "Don't be a fool—they didn't have Technicolor in 1910."

Above all there's Irene's loyalty. During the war she agreed to be a guest at the American Veterans' Committee Ball at the Waldorf because I was one of the sponsors. There was much publicity that she would attend, of course, and all the GIs and sailors and their girls who were to be there were pretty excited at the idea of seeing Irene Dunne.

"Somehow talk got about that the AVC was Communistic. So much talk, in fact, that on the night of the ball, several of my guests who had promised to attend announced a change of heart."

"What about it, Elsa," Frank Griffin asked, "is it Communistic? If so I would not wish to go or to have Irene appear."

"Take my word," I began, but I got no further.

"I will go with pleasure," Irene said. And she was so gay and friendly and everyone adored her so that we finally had to form a phalanx to get her from the ballroom and upstairs to her suite.

It is her timidity that brings me to my

most wonderful story. She will be a little annoyed with me for telling this, but I think she will laugh too.

Several years ago, I was on the air with Paul Lukas. "Miss Maxwell," he said when we were introduced before facing the mike, "I have a passionate interest in meeting you. You are one of Irene Dunne's best friends. And I shouldn't say it, perhaps, but I am madly in love with Irene Dunne even though I have never seen her off screen. She is my ideal."

Reluctant as I was to squelch Paul's Austrian romanticism, I reminded him that Irene was very happily married.

"I know, but I adore her," he insisted.

Not long after this Irene and Frank and another gentleman were my guests, when Paul opened on Broadway in "Watch on the Rhine." Between the acts when the men were smoking I persuaded Irene to go backstage with me.

"Tell Mr. Lukas that Miss Maxwell and a friend would like to see him," I said.

The door of Paul's dressing room opened and we were ushered in.

"This is Miss Dunne," I said, "who wants to tell you how good you are."

Paul gave Irene no time to speak. "Miss Dunne," he declared, "I adore you. You are my ideal!"

"Oh my!" said Irene, tugging at my sleeve. "That is very nice, Mr. Lukas . . . very nice. . . ." Her next tug at my sleeve could not be denied.

When we reached the corridor she turned to me, her eyes large. "Is the man mad?"

"Not at all!" I said. "He is a romantic Austrian."

"Better not tell Frank," she whispered.

But I made no promise. And later at supper I told Frank. He roared with laughter. For, just as I suspected, he thinks any man who does not adore Irene is remarkably undiscerning. And I agree.

THE END



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Dangerous Dan

(Continued from page 64) Dan's and walked him ahead of the others.

"Look Dan," Betty said quietly. "I understand how you feel. I know you are nervous but don't hold back. If this is the chance you've been waiting for, make the most of it. I've got mine. Now you get yours!"

At long last, Dan is getting his. In big fat delightful doses. When "Mother Wore Tights" was released, there was Dailey bread for exhibitors all over the country. Quicker than you can say Mister Zanuck, they changed the billing of his second picture to read: "Twentieth Century-Fox presents Dan Dailey in 'Give My Regards to Broadway.'" Currently, he and Jeanne Crain are co-starring in "You Were Meant for Me." Dan's in there hoofing his heart out and loving every moment.

Dan Dailey was born to be a hooper. He knew it at the age of six when he appeared in his first minstrel show. Rhythm pounded in his brain, coursed through his body. From burlesque to Broadway, tank towns, one night stands, cheap hotels, flop houses. Dan's known them all.

"I came so close to clicking many times," says Dan. "But something always happened. The reasons were legitimate but finally I got tired of trying to alibi. Half the time people don't believe you anyway. It was more important to believe in myself. Strangely enough, I always did. When my hope wore thin, I'd read a poem I'd found in an old newspaper while warming a bench in some booking office.

'Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be
one

Who'd never say no 'til he tried.
So he started right in with the trace of a
grin

On his face; if he worried he hid it—
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.'

Then I'd remember the words of a man
who was a great influence in my life."

DAN was seventeen at the time. Born in New York and brought up in Baldwin, Long Island, he wasn't exactly a dream boy to his family. Dan Dailey Sr. had little patience with a son who wanted to be in show business. Dad Dailey was a hotel man, who had rented too many rooms to too many unemployed actors! Young Dan's mother was more sympathetic.

"Everything's fine now," grins Dan. "As I look back I don't blame my father. I was well on my way to being a typical Seventh Avenue hooper and he had seen too many of them get exactly nowhere. One day Dad went to see his friend, who for many years had been a combined counselor and philosopher for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Dad told this practical idealist about his scatterbrain son and asked him to have a talk with me. Naturally I was on the defensive, but I finally gave in.

"That's when I met Vash Young (he wrote 'A Fortune to Share'), a friend who has helped many men to reorganize their minds and better their lives. I was encouraged to talk, so I poured everything out. I told Vash Young I *had* to be a hooper and *why* I had to be a hooper. When I finally finished, he said he was on my side and that's what he was going to tell my father! This was the first real encouragement I had ever received.

"But that wasn't the end. Vash Young pointed out how I was defeating myself, eating my heart out, and therefore only giving fifty percent. 'Do it your way,' he

told me, 'but do it the best you know how. Never consciously give a bad performance.'

"I thought of those words that first day on 'Mother Wore Tights.' I had never done a song-and-dance picture. When I walked on the set it seemed as if everyone's face was saying, 'We wanted Gene Kelly and look what walked in!' I really had to talk myself into believing I could do it. Vash Young helped to see me through."

The way Dan got the part is so typical of the picture business. Actually, with time out for the Army, he's been kicking around Hollywood since 1940. M-G-M signed him when he played the juvenile lead in a local production of "I Married an Angel." They promptly forgot he was a hooper. Dan sneered and snarled for Leo the Lion. When he wasn't bumping off cops, he was beating up old ladies—"just to keep in practice."

Finally, he made a singing-dancing-acting test with Eleanor Powell.

"Eleanor and I worked ourselves into a lather," Dan well remembers. "We created routines—couldn't wait to get there in the morning. Then, just as everything seemed set—I was drafted! So they imported a new actor from New York named Gene Kelly. I saw the picture ('Me and My Gal') sitting in a GI theater in Italy!"

In May, 1946, First Lieutenant Dan Dailey was discharged from the Army. Back at M-G-M where he had a new two-year contract, they couldn't even find a bit for him. Dan was letting off steam and water skiing at Lake Arrowhead, when Al Melnick, his agent, called him. Over at Twentieth, it seemed, they were looking for a hooper who could also sing and act. How would Dan like to be the first dancing partner of Betty Grable?

He listened patiently until Al finished. "Now tell me," answered Dan, not too humorously, "What is new in Gloca Mora?"

It was that five-year-old dancing test that did it. Melnick showed it at Twentieth and they loved it. But naturally they didn't want to give such a break to another studio's player. Dan remembered that L. B. Mayer at M-G-M had always seemed to like him. He thought of Vash Young and it gave him courage to take action. Across from Mr. Mayer, Dan sat and told his story. And because he was right, he walked out with his freedom.

"This may sound corny," Dan reflects. "But I really mean it. I had to go through everything to fully appreciate today."

Something special happened to Dan's heart when he met charming Elizabeth Hofert, a former U.S.C. co-ed. He saw her

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first one Sunday afternoon when she was riding in a local horse show. Elizabeth was barely sixteen but Dan knew there was something solid about a girl who loved horses as much as he did. They corresponded the first two years he was in the Service. On Christmas Day in 1942, when he was home on leave they were married.

Adding further happiness to the Dailey grind, on September 18, 1947, Dan and his personal partner released their first independent production. Permanent title: Dan Dailey the Third.

Because he lacks temperament, is kind and cooperative to everyone, the gang at the studio refer to him as "Dangerous Dan," a token of their affection. No actor could be less of a movie menace. Because he still remembers not eating, he likes everything—with one exception. Tearoom food; "that slice of orange on a lettuce leaf sprinkled with cocoanut" still sort of haunts him. An old standby at lunch is scrambled eggs and marinated herring. (The herring habit he acquired while playing the borscht belt in the Catskills!)

Next to hoofing, Dan does an awfully good job of sleeping. "Ten minutes or two hours, it doesn't matter. When I lie down—I sleep." He's a great one for postponing "little things." Like paying the gas bill, for example. The day they brought the baby home, the nurse had to go next door to heat his bottle! It didn't bother Elizabeth, any more than it does when Dan "slightly exaggerates." He hangs on to everything and has a heck of a time finding anything. Unprecedented in Hollywood, is Dan's loyalty to the same agent for twenty years!

Dan would still be wearing his same fifteen-year-old wardrobe, if his studio hadn't subtly shouted: "You look like a bum, do something about it!" He practically worships Fred Astaire and "Bubbles," from the team of "Buck and Bubbles."

He wouldn't be an Irishman and Dan Dailey—if he wasn't sentimental. That's why last Mother's Day he sent Mrs. Dan Dailey Sr. fourth row center seats for all the New York shows during the winter. Dan's dad is his best press agent. Recently, while walking down Madison Avenue, whom should he meet but his old friend, Vash Young.

"By the way," inquired Vash casually. "Whatever happened to young Dan?"

It was a great moment in the proud father's life. "Why don't you go over to the Roxy," he beamed. ("Mother Wore Tights" was then in its fifth week!) "And find out for yourself!"

THE END

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Dan Dailey is delighted with the latest Dailey production—Dan Dailey III

(Continued from page 52) asked this question a million times. I hope it will not annoy her. That is up to me. I must explain it is meant as a compliment to her mother—and it will be. I hope she will answer—without shame—"I don't know what I want to do"—until the moment comes when she knows what she does want to do—then she will have her answer. I feel it is unimportant whether or not she follows in my footsteps—it is only important that she does what she wants to do and that she does it well.

Much is being written about my life at the studio—the dressing room my boss Mr. Warner had built for me. It is charming—it is convenient—it is my own idea. Laguna is not within commuting distance. I go home—sixty miles away—every Wednesday and every weekend. I miss my family but am bearing up very well. At five months old, Barbara is not waiting home at six-thirty ready to have a long chat. She is asleep—and she should be.

Laguna is so satisfactory a home—I am willing to give it up for a few days at a time in order to have it there waiting for me. It is ideal for my husband's career—he is a painter and gains inspiration from his life there. That makes it even more worth the few evenings away. One reporter said the doctor ordered me to live up here for my health. I am extremely healthy. I was during my entire pregnancy. I was after Barbara was born. I could only wish such good health for all women.

Why have I not been photographed with

Barbara? I see no point in it at her age. I am rather bored with the Mother role—as exploited by some of my cohorts. I think it unfair to a child so young. Newspaper photographs seldom look like the person—how well I know—why should complete strangers get a wrong impression of her—and she is ours. Just for us at the moment. I did not have her for publicity reasons. I am too dyed-in-the-wool a Yankee to exploit the things that are deep in me.

One article—I believe the first printed—quoted me as saying, "Isn't she a beauty?" I blushed when I read it. I can't brag about my lovely daughter. To me, of course, she is much more than a beauty—she is heaven—and all that goes with it. But that kind of thing I am incapable of saying. If someone else says it—I beam.

Whom does she look like? It is impossible to tell—I feel as the weeks go by she looks more and more like her father. I am pleased.

I have received many compliments since returning to work as to how well I look—better than ever and the like. Motherhood is receiving all the credit. I retort with some reason—it couldn't be I have had a year off—the first since I started in working at nineteen. To deny that Barbara has not made a change in my life would be hypocrisy—she has given me a great new interest—a great new challenge—to equip her for the world she will go out into. That is up to me—and I love the responsibility. And I pray I will do well by her.

Let's see what else—my new picture "Winter Meeting"—I like it. I am delighted

with my director Bretaigne Windust coming to Warners with an Oscar record in the theater. Our leading man is another Davis—a Davis from Missouri—first name Jim, tall, good looking and talented. Are the Sherrys' buying a ranch? They are. They are going into it as a business—and as their future home.

What do we do in Laguna? We love living—we swim, we read, Sherry paints, goes to his flying school every day—he has his private license. I run the house—take care of my daughter—have barbecues on the beach—take trips in our boat—go to the movies—to the summer theaters—visit with my mother and sister and family—play pool—take movies of our daughter—play with our daughter—have friends for weekends—darn socks—sew on buttons—sit around and talk, our favorite kind of entertainment. In other words, we do what any average family does—a family that is sufficient unto itself—the only really important thing in the world for everyone—the one thing really worth striving for.

To sum it all up—I cannot ask for more than to have life continue as it is. I have my family—my work—I can look the world in the eye. I am happy.

And now to bed—to get ready for another day—tomorrow is Friday and as I race to Laguna tomorrow night, I will have to admit the scales have tipped definitely in favor of my family—with my work the less important of the two—that is the main change in Bette Davis. Check.

THE END.

For More Photoplay Fashions See Page 85

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Someone to remember: Barbara Bel Geddes of "The Long Night"

BRIGHT Contrast

"SHE'S different," the preview audience announced after viewing Barbara Bel Geddes in "The Long Night" with Henry Fonda. Her face, her mannerisms, her freshness remained in the memory a long time; always a sure sign a gal has something.

At RKO, where Barbara is making like a fourteen-year-old miss for her role in "I Remember Mama," cast and crew discovered she did indeed have several things. Among them a lively intelligence, a handsome husband, Carl Schriver, who is an engineer, and a daughter Susan, just two and three-quarters.

Daughter of the famous theatrical producer-designer, Norman Bel Geddes, Barbara left Andrebrook School to accept a good role in Alexander Kirkland's play "Out of the Frying Pan." She displayed so much talent her father, who objected to the move, gave in and from there on Barbara worked hard and diligently, finally hitting the jackpot with her marvelous performance in the Broadway show "Deep Are the Roots."

Not pretty in the accepted Hollywood sense, Barbara is proof that talent counts most. And that bright, quick mind is a constant joy to studio workers.

"Now let's see," she says, self analytically, "I have a foul temper, love to argue and get involved in all kinds of discussions. I have spurts of terrific energy and periods when I do nothing. I either dress sloppily, or to kill. I can be shy at times and at others, boisterous. I can't bear cake or fresh fruit, but I love asparagus and good books." (She reads, not eats, the latter.)

She's a wonderful mother and a happy wife. Living next door to Mike Romanoff in Beverly Hills, Barbara and her husband and daughter make good use of Mike's pool and love it. She made lasting friends of Fonda and Vincent Price during her first film, and goes visiting both households. Irene Dunne, who now plays her mother, is another idol.

She's done nothing, thank heavens, about the distinctive mole on her left cheek. And as a teen-age miss of another era for her "Mama" picture, she's terrific.

"Two for the show"

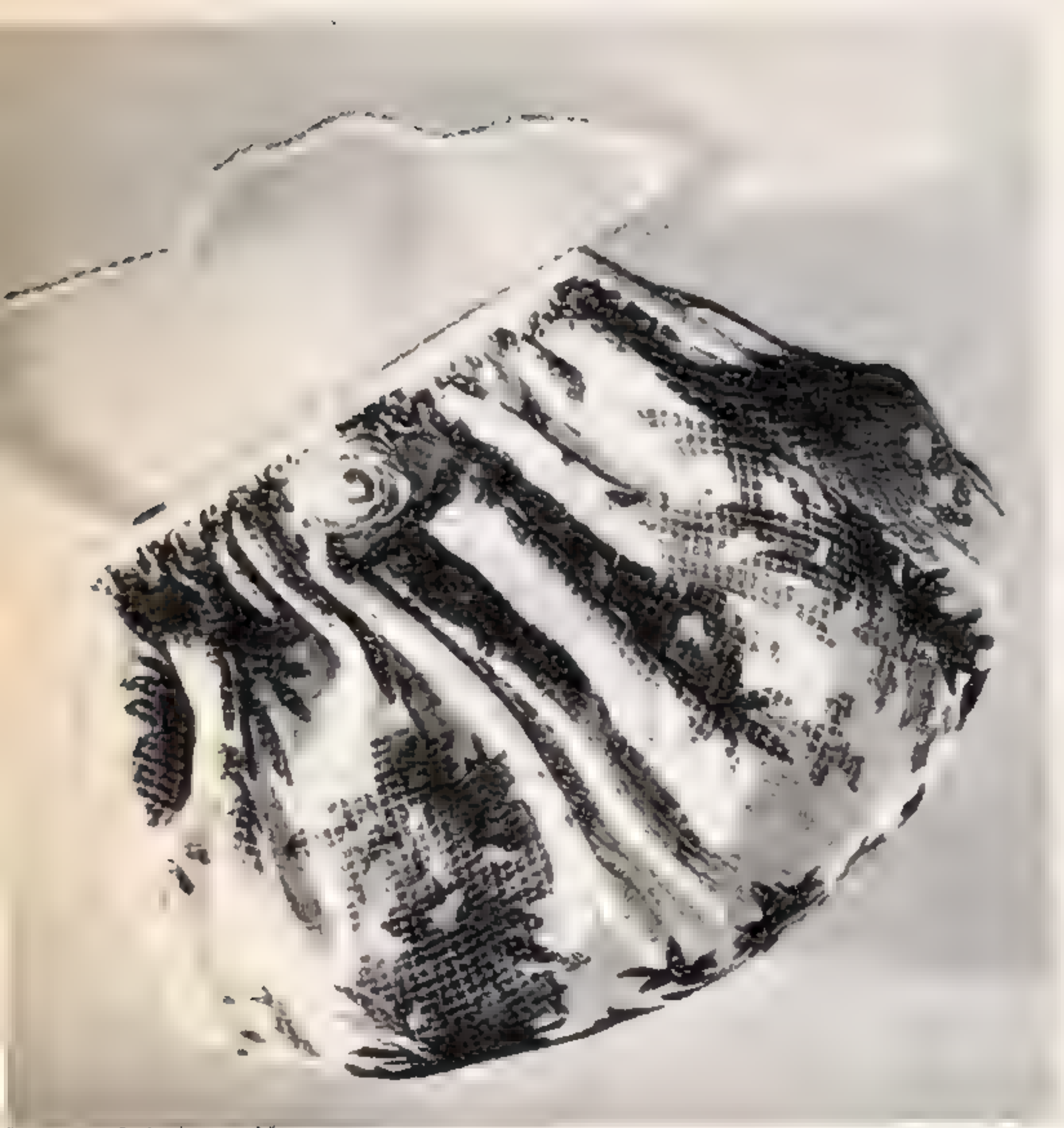
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For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 88

Gloria Grahame, now appearing in RKO's "Crossfire," has the blonde hair and green eyes that make for dynamite. Her acting is dynamite packed, too.





EXCITING gifts to give or receive at the best time of all—Christmas! The gala looking evening bag by Lujean is metallic brocade with a gold frame and chain. About \$7.00. ★ The long, very swish jersey gloves by Fownes are studded with rhinestones. About \$3.50. ★ The matching Carol Stanley sheer linen hankie and pure silk scarf are an unbeatable team. Hankie is \$1.00 and scarf is \$5.00. ★ A black suede belt by Vogue has huge set-in rhinestones and an adjustable back to fit sizes 26 to 34. \$6.00. ★ Gold non-tarnish choker by Richelieu. \$3.95. ★ The Alexette Two-in-one glove is perfect for warmth and smartness. One wool, one leather at \$5.95 the set. Wear the wool inside the leather for extra nippy days. ★ The Jean Vernon "Lily of the Valley" set has daintiness and beauty in white, pink or blue crepe. Gown about \$8.00, slip \$5.00, pantie \$3.00. ★ Coro's gold chain has a *fleur de lis* of pearls and diamonds that can slide high or low around your neck. \$5.00. ★ Ask for these gifts by name at your favorite store or see page 88.

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AT YOUR BEAUTY SALON

Photoplay's DESIGNER OF THE MONTH



Grace Houston
January Pattern Designer

Grace Houston, the attractive green-eyed designer for Universal-International stars, learned how to create costumes for the theater when she began her career as a dancer. She hung around backstage, after the show was over, and discussed the good and bad points of costuming with the wardrobe mistress, electricians, or anyone who had to remain after the performance. And before long she was costuming stage productions herself, so that by the time Hollywood lured her she had thirty-two stage shows to her credit.

Grace was born in New Bedford, Mass., but her family moved to Brooklyn when she was five. She started dancing when she was eight and, at one point in her career, was a Rockette in the precision line of beauties at Radio City Music Hall.

"On the stage," Grace observed, "you design clothes to be viewed from about the fifth row and on back. In pictures, a close-up may magnify so that it will reveal even the stitching. Therefore more attention to detail must go into film clothes. Hats are one of the most difficult things to design for a picture because they must fit into any camera angle the director desires and still show the star's face."

Miss Houston likes to create her modern clothes from period designs. She definitely prefers the new long skirts to the knee-length styles. "You can do more things in fashions with a long skirt because there's more material to work with," she says.

She has a Persian cat named Natasha. She adores reading, she loves music, especially the piano which she plays magnificently. And she believes that one of the most important qualities a woman can have is good taste in clothes. The manner of good taste is exemplified in the coat she designed for Ella Raines to wear in "The Senator Was Indiscreet," our Photoplay pattern for this month. It's versatile and wearable and in perfect taste.

Wherever You Live You Can Buy **Photoplay Fashions**

If the preceding pages do not list stores in your vicinity where Photoplay Fashions are sold, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Cable stitch sweater
Catalina
443 S. San Pedro St.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dress
Henry Rosenfeld
498 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Mouton coat
Feshbach & Ackerman
333 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Mouton hat
Madcaps
28 West 39th Street
New York, N. Y.

Pullover sweater and matching cardigan
Spuncraft
141 West 36th Street
New York, N. Y.

Accessories shown on page 86

Evening bag
Lujean
130 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Long gloves
Fownes
411 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Matching hankie and scarf set
H. I. Herzman
17 East 37th Street
New York, N. Y.

Belt
Vogue
14 East 32 Street
New York, N. Y.

Gold bead choker
Richelieu
389 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Two-in-one gloves
Alexette Glove Corp.
Gloversville,
New York

Jean Vernon lingerie set
J. R. Beaton Co.
411 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y.

Gold chain with fleur de lie
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to know exactly the
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They'll Remember Mama

(Continued from page 39) the hotel runs. They're from 1812 or thereabouts and they are really something. Otherwise we turn in practically at Vicki's bedtime.

"She's a wonderful little girl, Vicki; one of the best little girls I ever encountered. Harry and I can't stand spoiled children and we'd tear into her if she were. But we never once have had to discipline her. Instead we tell her how good she is, how much better than other children with bad habits, and that makes her love to mind."

"She's mad for her baby sister. She thinks Jessica is a doll and can't understand why she cannot take care of her in the way she does her other dolls. Jessica was only twelve weeks old when we came away on this vacation so the doctor advised us against giving her a change of environment. Vicki misses her nearly as much as I do. Every day when I phone the nurse, Vicki says, 'Mother, ask Jessica why she doesn't come down here.'"

Harry got to his feet. "Hey, let me out," he said, grinning. "She'll never stop once she gets started on that subject."

Fondly, Betty watched his retreating figure.

"My mother always told me I'd wind up with a musician," she said. "But the break I've had in having my musician turn out to be a great man! I've so much respect for Harry. He'll never be referred to as 'Betty Grable's husband' but I'm often pointed out as 'Harry James's wife.' And that's for me!"

"For that's what I am entirely except for those brief moments I'm on the screen. I make two musicals a year. They're hard work; take four to five months to shoot. But while Harry's work continues to separate us for six months a year I won't retire. The other six months we manage together, even though we're working. And out of them always we salvage this six-weeks stretch when we don't do a thing but play."

A couple of very race-track looking characters came over at that moment demanding that Betty autograph their pro-

grams. That, at least, was the excuse. Their greedy eyes traveled up and down her as she signed.

She shrugged as they moved away. "It's types like that that keep me from going on the road with Harry," she said. "I wanted to sit quietly out back while he played. But just such people would shout for me to come and give a song. If I refused they said I was snooty. When I didn't refuse they said I was trying to grab Harry's act. So now I stay home."

"THAT'S WHY I was alone and Harry was across the continent when Jessica was born. She came five weeks ahead of schedule and I was scared stiff. We have a horse named Red Ear in our stable—we've got twelve all together—and he's got the nicest brown face with a white spot on his nose."

"So, all I could think of with Jessica coming so fast was that Harry, who was back East where the horses were, must get to Red Ear and rub his white spot for luck. And that he did. Then I went to the hospital. I had a tough time. I always do. That's why my doctor tells me I can only have one more baby—and not for another three years."

"Harry and I were sure this time we were going to have a boy—we still want one—and Vicki was very puzzled by our talk. She kept asking me what a boy looked like. I told her a boy looked as she did except with a mustache."

"When she heard that the baby was a girl, she asked, 'Has she got a mustache?'"

"When we finally permitted her to see the baby she broke me up, she was so wonderful about it. While I was in the hospital I'd received a lot of presents—little guns in the flowers and such things and I had sent them home to Vicki as presents from Jessica. So Vicki felt fine about her. Still I didn't expect to see her instinctively lean down and kiss the baby and say, over and over 'Mommie, she's beautiful.'"

"Jessica is a positively sensational baby."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1947.

State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Helen Gilmore, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Secretary, Meyer Dworkin, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; King & Co., c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Henry Lieferant, 54 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhodes & Co., 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Elizabeth Machlin, 299 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; (Mrs.) Margaret Machlin, Beaver Dam Road, Stratford, Conn.; O'Neil & Co., P. O. Box 28—Wall Street Station, New York, N. Y.; Joseph Schultz, 328 S. Harrison Street, East Orange, N. J.; Arnold A. Schwartz, c/o A. A. Whitford, Inc., 705 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; Harold Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1947.
(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI,
Notary Public, State of New York,
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.
No. 137, Reg. No. 90-M-8, Cert. filed in
N. Y. Co. No. 284, Reg. No. 317-M-8.
Commission expires March 30, 1948.

She's tiny, but she never cries unless her bottle is late. She's got a ravishing smile too. And she looks exactly like Vicki and not a bit like either of us. The same reddish blonde hair and blue eyes. Harry and I and both his parents and both my parents have curly hair. But Vicki's is straight as a string and I'm glad. All my life I've wanted straight hair. Jessie's is going to curl though."

Betty paused and grinned mockingly. "They both have angel dispositions—which they do not inherit from me," she said. "It's Harry who is always calm. He gives everyone a chance. He says 'Wait and they'll be all right.' Vicki has this same calmness."

"She has a terrific crush on her father. We put on a record with a trumpet part and she knows immediately whether it's Harry or not. She loves all music, anyhow, and juke boxes fascinate her. She developed a big yen to play the trumpet, in imitation of Harry, but I talked her out of that. When she's a little older I'll let her study the piano if she wants to. For her own pleasure. Not with any idea of a career. Harry and I will let them decide. Plenty of time for that later. . . .

"I WAS twelve when I started out here, doubling for Mary Pickford in 'Kiki.'" She laughed. "And when am I going to quit? Well—I'm very grateful for being in the Top Ten and I'd like to stay around as long as that kind of luck holds out. If I had to depend on singing alone or dancing alone or acting alone I'd be nowhere. But with the three in combination I've been lucky in my career."

"Because of so much good fortune I thought I probably wouldn't get a break with my marriage and children. But that has worked out too. I had a crush on Harry long before I met him. And after Dick Haymes finally introduced us it took me seven years to hook him. But I finally swung it."

Betty laughed suddenly. "Before we were married," she said, "I used to wear high pompadours, sensational hats and nail polish and the blackest dresses. Harry thought it was just fine then. But now I wear none of that because now he doesn't want it—on me. He'll look at some girl with a terrific hat and murmur 'Doesn't she look beautiful?' I'll ask, 'Should I get a hat like that?' 'No,' says Harry. So I go out and buy another horse instead."

Betty pauses again and that warm unaffected charm that you feel from her on screen is twenty times as forceful at close range. The appeal those long legs of hers give her, the potency her natural sense of rhythm exerts, all are obvious.

But the real Betty whom, oddly enough, not many people know well, has much more than the sum of these assets. In a town where too much flattery turns too many heads, Betty has never taken herself as Heaven's Great Gift to the World. The earthy commonsense she's always possessed makes her say 'Maturity is much better than pretending to be an ingenue. Why pretend that I'm not the mother of two children when I'm so very proud of that fact. Maternity has to stand for maturity. I'd much prefer people to say, 'How young she looks for her age,' than hear them whisper, 'She looks a lot older than she claims to be.'"

Betty does not need to worry. She's one of those rare, lucky women whose personal charm is so great that you never consider what the total of their years may be. For she carries with her an inner serenity based on a private life that is more important to her than any public acclaim.

What a girl! And what a Mama for Vicki and Jessica to remember.

THE END

a typical Carole King girl



Carole King

DRESSES FOR JUNIORS

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For name of store, write Carole King, 17th and Washington, St. Louis 3, Mo.

(Continued from page 40) observed what dopes drinking made of people. When I saw old men out with very young girls and old ladies out with young boys, I didn't want any of that either. I wanted a real marriage, like my mother now had, with a real home and children.

So I fell in love, like mad, with my first love. I was thirteen by then. He was a lordly twenty-one. I watched him for two years at church at the Lutheran debates. He didn't notice me at all.

ONE day I got into my bathing suit and entered a beauty contest. I was fifteen and I emerged the winner, "Miss New York State." George White, the producer of the famous "Scandals," was one of the judges. He asked me if I'd like to go into the "Scandals." I still wanted Jimmy, my debating boy friend, but as he wasn't giving me a tumble I thought a career the next best thing. Mother let me do what I wanted. I'm not sure now that was so wise, for by entering "The Scandals" I threw over a scholarship to Columbia University which I had earned.

"The Scandals" didn't run too long. When it folded on Broadway, it went on a tour of the movie houses. I went along with it, rooming with a girl named Axie.

She was a darling and she is still one of my best friends. Axie was all ambition. She tried to push me into studying diction and practicing dancing. She said she was going to be a big star. I said what I wanted was to marry Jimmy.

So what happened? Axie met Ben Blue, the comedian, and married him. They've got a beautiful home in the Valley now, and two lovely children. And until now I've had the career.

Jimmy? Oh, I finally did catch him, when I was sixteen. Having caught him, I threw him back, for he wouldn't let me be myself. He wanted me to act what so many men think all chorus girls are—dumb. Take my word for it. No chorus girl who stays in a big show is dumb. She can't be and last.

I was hurt and I was bored. I said, "I would like to be a movie actress." So I came West and I got more gates slammed in my face than I knew existed.

Finally I got down to my last thirteen cents. I'm superstitious about thirteen. My real name has thirteen letters. Marie McDonald has thirteen letters. I refused to part with that last dime and three pennies, just as I refused to write Mother and Daddy anything but the most charming lies about my success.

I was bunking with two other girls in a dreary "court" apartment of two rooms—a bedroom with twin beds and a living room furnished with a three-piece "suite." I slept on the lumpy divan because I was paying the least rent.

If you've ever been down to your small change, you know how it is—if you are a girl. Glow with prosperity and the lads make with the dinner dates. But really need to eat and they know it and you have to play cagey and eat fast—and run faster after the check has been paid.

But the pay-off came for me one night when I was invited to a cocktail party that Garwood Van, James Craig and Jimmy Van Heusen were giving for Tommy Dorsey. While everybody else was drinking, I was stuffing my little old tummy full of hors d'oeuvres. Never before or since has any meal seemed so wonderful to me, and when Tommy had to go to the Palladium, where he was playing, I



Two on a steady date—Marie and new husband, Harry Karl

I Learned About Men

tagged along with the mob, and sat there, dreamy-eyed and content. I was so relaxed that when Tommy came over to our table during intermission, I started singing.

Tommy said, "Hey, I need a voice like yours. It's too bad I've got a plane chartered for tomorrow. Otherwise I'd audition you. But if you are still available when I get back, I'd like to hear you."

I said, "If I'm still available when you get back, there will be so little of me left you won't be able to hear me."

Jimmy Van Heusen got it. "Why not audition the kid tonight when you get through?" he said. So that's how it happened that at three o'clock in the morning I sang "The Breeze and I" and next day flew out with Tommy as his canary.

I sang sentimental numbers night after night, and I wished the words I was crooning were true for me. I returned to Hollywood, when the tour was over, because I figured my tour would make me known to a few casting directors and it had. I got a chance at Universal.

Then the Hollywood wolves found out about me, and girl, oh, girl! You soon discover you can have seven dates in seven days, but don't take them seriously. You find out your phone number has been handed around—that you are expected to see and be seen. When you are sweet and sincere, they say, "She's acting." When you are tossing a little mood around, they say, "What a witch."

I remember one guy with whom I got into a political discussion. He nearly died. "Baby, you mustn't be worrying about these things," he said. I remember another who was mad when I suggested a quiet little place for dinner and then when we went on to Mocambo, said I was just using him for publicity purposes.

They want to show off your face and

figure and have people whistle as you go by and say, "Who's that lucky dog with Marie McDonald?"

They are lavish spenders, but they are not thoughtful. They are much cattier than women and discuss other girls with you, but they curl up if you so much as mention some other man to them. You start out on a twosome with them, and end up in a mob of their friends. They compel you to concentrate on your career—simply because that's something that you can rely on.

I FOUND this out when I married Vic Orsatti. I had been brought up to be a good cook and a fine seamstress. I wanted to run a house and I would have been happy to retire completely. But by this time I was "The Body" under contract to Hunt Stromberg, and Vic didn't want me to become just a wife. He wanted me to be "a name," to always be in the glamour act. But acting wasn't what I wanted then. The things we wanted as man and wife weren't the same and so our love died.

Perhaps it sounds silly when an ex-wife says of an ex-husband that they are still good friends. But we are truly that. He's still my agent and I wouldn't have any one else guide my career.

Strangely enough, I met Harry Karl through Vic, and Ann Miller, who had been in that first "Scandals" show with me. It was just after I got my divorce. Harry was so reserved and kind, so different from the Hollywood run of men, that he appealed to me at once.

Maybe that is because he has nothing to do with Hollywood—but is in the shoe business. His father launched the Karl Shoe Stores which run from Seattle to New Mexico. Harry took over the business when he came out of college.

Harry was like the standard male, and thought all any Hollywood girl wanted to do was go out dancing. But when he discovered I cared less than nothing for it, he was happy as a kid. We had parties at my home or his. We went grunion hunting at the beach or cooked wienies with a crowd. We discovered a mutual love of pool and billiards.

We pal around with various crowds, Sonny and Tilo Myers, Harry's best friends for years, Gloria De Haven and Johnny Payne, Tommy Dorsey and his mob, Bryan Barr and his wife, Keenan Wynn, Larry Parks and Betty.

Harry and I have worked out a live-and-let-live policy for ourselves. He has his work and he feels it is all right for me to have mine—but his work hasn't the crazy hours of the movie business and I shall see to it that my career doesn't cut up my time after five P.M.

For by now, you see, I've got the habit of acting. By now I am ambitious. Harry is so sweet. Many a night he sits beside me while I run off old films—the "greats" of the past—like Garbo, from whom every actress can learn so much.

But you see how lucky I've been, don't you? Modeling clothes at ten got me over any wish to be an adult clothes horse. Seeing how night clubs work at twelve made me know the workings of the "mad, mad whirl." Having a hundred dates in that many nights made me know how wonderful it is to have one steady date in your own home with the man to whom you're married. And that steady date I want to keep forever and always.

THE END

DON LOPER'S

Clinic

by Don Loper

JUNE HAVER has her own "New Look" as you can see by the cover. As long as I can remember, June has had this "Look." It was, in fact, one of the most important factors that Paul Hesse, Photoplay's cover photographer, and I considered as we created the cover design for this issue. The secret? June's skin coloring and her hair. They are fresh and natural. They exude health. All of which is the basis of good fashion, and the woman who tries to look smart without looking fresh and natural and healthy is defeating herself.

I talked with June's mother, who was in the gallery with us while June dressed in her cute colorful stocking cap, gloves and sweater, attributes of high fashion. She told me some of June's beauty secrets and also how June cared for her clothes.

June sleeps nine hours every night and drinks water by the gallon. She also exercises on the tennis court and skating rink. And when she is working and can't indulge in sports, she does setting-up exercises morning and night.

To an old man like me, June is a baby, but even when she is forty, I am certain she will have the same figure, the same sparkle and, by the same token, that "New Look." She really works at it.

June cares for her clothes herself and her mother says there never was such a fussy girl. To house her wardrobe, one of the largest in Hollywood, June has four closets. When clothes come from the cleaner, they are placed in one of the closets. After they have been worn once, following a clothesline airing in the shade, they are placed in another closet.

Her shoes are always brushed and polished before they are put away on shoe trees. June treats her clothes with the respect they deserve, you see, and they in return enhance her "New Look."

Other Views of Photoplay Pattern on page 74



Back View



Front View

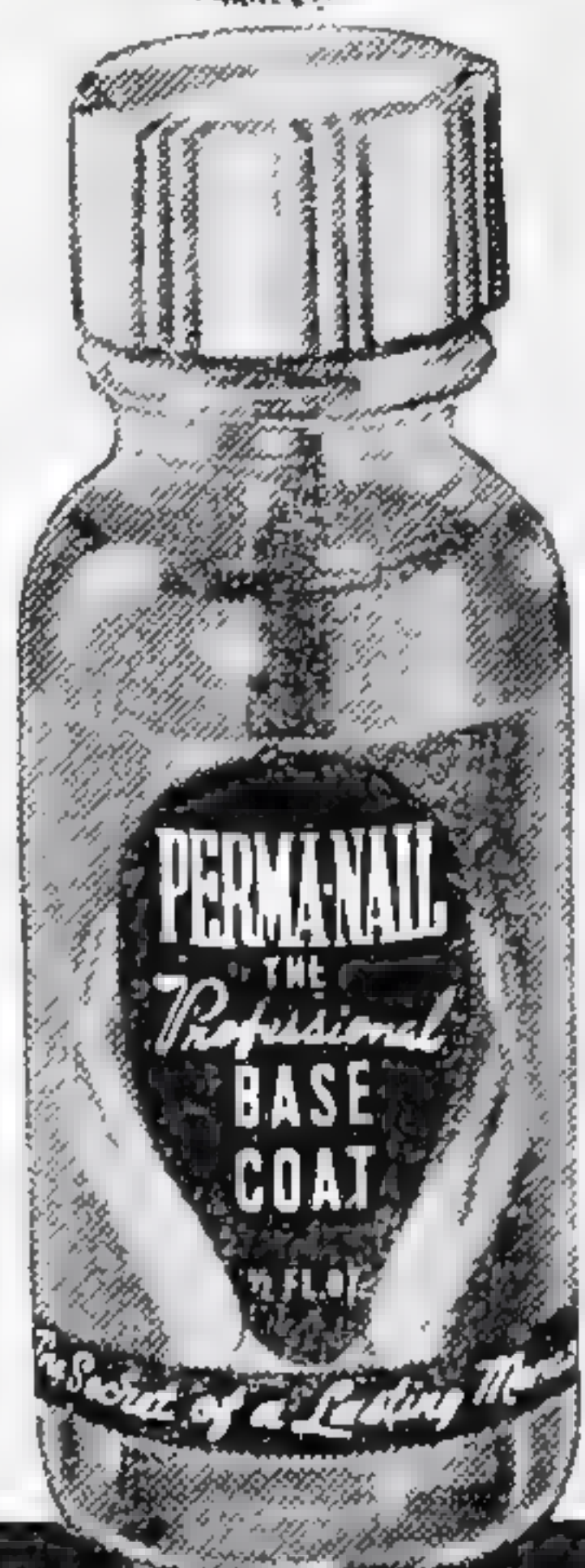
"My nail polish
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without a single trace
of chipping, cracking
or peeling"

Says Lovely ADELE MARA
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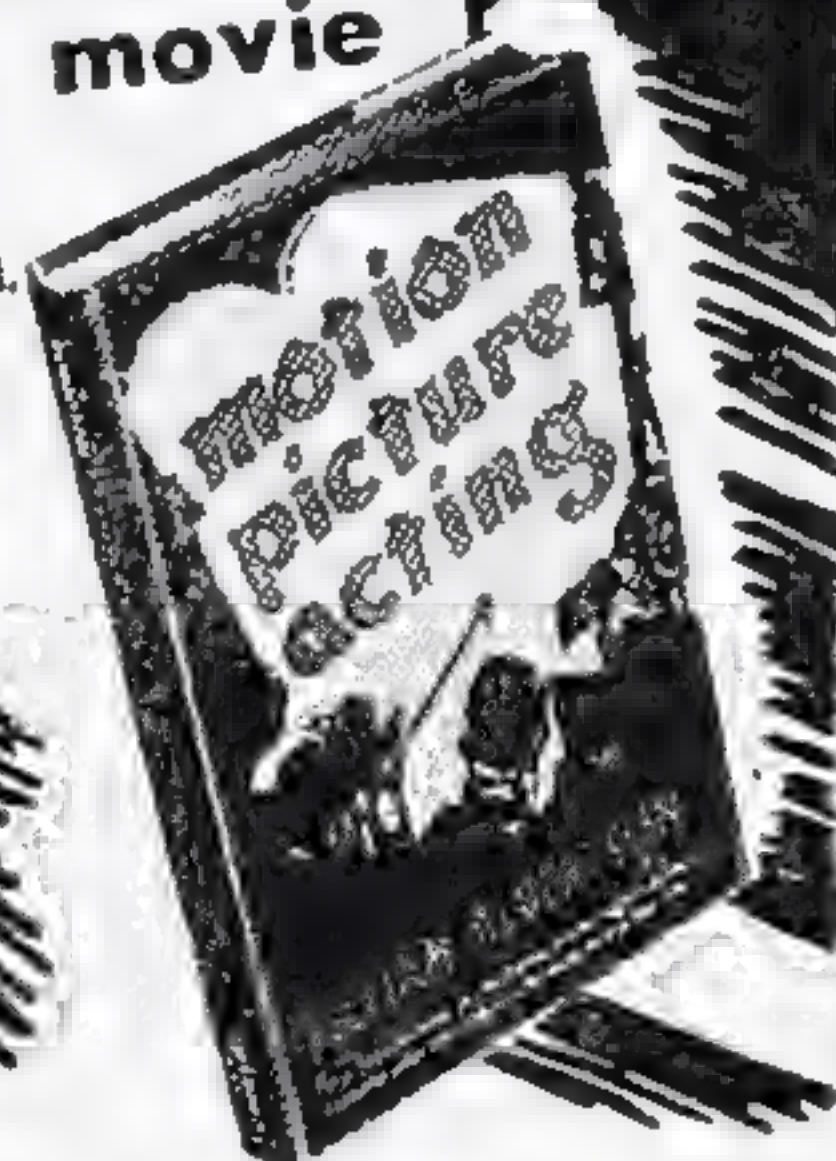
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

Discussion of the disk-doings of your film favorites and songs from the latest movies



Johnny Mercer

VARIETY GIRL: Paramount's mammoth vaudeville show has a major highlight when Bing Crosby and Bob Hope re-create an old-time pair of troupers singing "Harmony." Decca promises a dubbing of the team's performance but in the meantime try Johnny Mercer and King Cole. (Capitol)

ESCAPE ME NEVER: Warner's tender love story co-starring Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker and Ida Lupino needed a sympathetic theme melody to underscore the film's drama and Korngold and Koehler have composed

it. It's called "Love for Love" and Hal McIntyre and his fine orchestra have recorded it. (M-G-M)

GOLDEN EARRINGS: The Ray Milland-Marlene Dietrich Paramount sizzler has its lush theme title melody smoothly interpreted by Dinah Shore. On the reverse Dinah sings "The Gentleman Is a Dope," rhythmic hit from the Broadway musical "Allegro." (Columbia)

ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE: The Van Johnson folksy tale of post-Civil War America gives ample opportunities to the homely tunes of the day. Capturing that mood is "I Come from Missouri" and the Denver Darlings give it a good spin. (M-G-M)

EMPEROR WALTZ: The great opera star Lauritz Melchior gives his attention to two melodies from the new Bing Crosby film, singing the title tune by Strauss and the new "Kiss in Your Eyes." Top-flight performances. (M-G-M)



Lauritz Melchior

FUN AND FANCY FREE: The records playing tunes from this Disney feature seem endless. Now comes Tony Martin with "Lazy Countryside" and "Too Good to Be True." Incidentally, Tony has re-disked his famous version of "Begin the Beguine" and, on still another Victor platter, sings "Stanley Steamer" from "Summer Holiday."

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS: Jimmy Durante repeats the laughs he gets in this new M-G-M musical hit with the comedy song, "I'm the Guy Who Found the Lost Chord." (M-G-M) This movie co-stars Esther Williams and baritone Johnnie Johnston and the latter has a new M-G-M record that should please his fans. He sings two slick ballads, "Why Should I Cry Over You" and "How Lucky You Are."

SONG OF LOVE: M-G-M's beautiful romantic biography of Robert Schumann which co-stars Paul Henreid, Katharine Hepburn and Robert Walker has a sound track movie-goers are raving about. The piano work is played by Artur Schnabel. If you want Schnabel recordings to have and hold see the Classical Corner for his latest Victor albums. Many of the classics heard in the film are included.

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Artur Schnabel plays Liszt's stirring Piano Concerto, ably assisted by the Dallas Symphony and in another Victor Red Seal album plays six famed piano works by Schumann, Brahms and Liszt. The latter's familiar Second Hungarian Rhapsody gets single disk development by radio's First Piano Quartet (Victor)... The two new Mozart albums, both issued by Columbia, feature the Halle Orchestra playing Concerto No. 4 for Horn, and the Quintet for Clarinet and Strings played by the Philharmonic String Quartet and clarinetist Reginald Kell... Another fine pianist, Robert Casadesu, plays Chopin's Sonata No. 2 in B Flat, which is excellently recorded by Columbia... One never tires of hearing Tchaikovsky's Fifth and Columbia has just released a new interpretation by the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Paul Kletzki... The fine piano team of Whitemore and Lowe play the Malaguena by Lecuona and Gould's Guaracha in a Victor disk.

Where There's Hope

(Continued from page 51) "My first New Year's resolution," said Bob piously, "is to quit picking on Crosby. After all, Bing's getting older. He deserves respect."

"I am going to tell the truth on the golf course even if I play alone."

"I also resolve to drink more milk and give my head a rest. Rest more and give the nation a rest."

Nation won't stand for it. 150 visitors were on Bob's set. He couldn't get through the mob to confer with his writers. The pressure continues right through lunch hour. Bob eats in his dressing room. The telephone jingles constantly as though it thought it was Santa's sleigh. Mrs. Hope calls and Jack Hope answers: "Bob is late getting off the set this noon, Dolores. Shall I have him call you?"

"No," says Dolores. "Just tell him I called to give him his daily kiss and find out if he would be home for dinner."

She has been married to the cherub fourteen years and still phones a kiss at noon.

BROTHER Jack takes care of callers and fan mail. They are heaped together on a davenport. You sit on the mail and it sits on you. A machine opens letters with the frantic speed of a buzz saw.

A Hindu emerging from the fan mail said he came to report on "Monsieur Beaucaire." In Bombay theaters, he said, rows of white turbans rolled back and forth like foamy breakers in hysteric laughter. Basic Bob Hope is replacing Hindustani and ancient Sanskrit.

A Frenchman popped out of the letter-opening machine. Tangled in fan mail he got opened by mistake. "My wife, Meestair Hope, she laughs at you," the Frenchman exulted. "It is a miracle!"

"A miracle, huh?" said Meestair Hope. "But you do not understand, Meestair Hope. My wife never laughs. She sees twice your picture and she laughs."

"Lafayette, we are here at last!" cries Bob. "La belle France, I love you."

He seizes a photograph and signs it to a French war orphan he has never seen: "To Alain—Please laugh at me in France. I need the business."

For the past six years Bob has been flying round the earth faster than it could waddle round its axis. This year he required a rest. He scooped up Dolores and the two oldest kids and went skyrocketing around South America.

"What a trip!" he cries, popping onto the arm of your chair with his snapshot album. He pointed out each snap with the eagerness of a Scout just back from



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the world jamboree. "That's our reception in Montevideo. They know how to give a reception in Montevideo! This is Chile, wonderful Chile, and our Ambassador Bowers. What a guy. I sat in his office two hours listening to his stories. This is our consul in Buenos Aires, another swell guy. And here's Rio. 'Hi Bubby Huppy!' that's what they call me in Rio. Everywhere else folks yell 'Hi Bob' but in Rio I'm 'Bubby Huppy.'"

Humor is basic, Bob says. People everywhere laugh at the same things. "Such as politicians," he adds.

"This is a great country," he cracks. "A poor boy can grow up and have his daughter sing in the Hollywood Bowl."

But Bob succeeds where politicians fail. He flies about knitting One World together with basic laughter. In South America our Latin chums want no dubbing of Bob into Spanish. They say they are learning American from him. Winston Churchill can go peddle his basic English to dinosaurs. Language of the world of tomorrow will be Basic Bob Hope.

The telephone is tingling. Bob drags it wherever he goes and keeps it under his chair. "They're off and running," he cries, picking it up. "Oh, just my brother hunh? Well where do you hide, creep? Why bother phoning me? Come on over and get hold of my ear lobe."

Bob grew up with five brothers. This may be the reason he is so good at the give and the take. He is philosophic about life's pressures.

"You have to go along with them," he says. "If you jerk away, if you try to pull back, you are dead. Not just in this business. That goes for everything."

HOW in the world does he stand the pace, old ladies ask. Well, he takes his vitamins, watches his diet, lays off likker and nicotine. Four years ago he quit cigarettes. They hurt his throat.

"I have bowling ball tonsils," he says.

The doctor wanted to cut them out.

"They're not that bad!" squealed Bubby Huppy, squirming out of the doctor's grasp. Now he consults the doc by phone.

He worries about his health but only so long as it takes to reach down under for the phone. "Doc, I can't sleep," he chatters worriedly. "I wake up two hours before I get to sleep nights. I think I have slow digestion."

"Eat less," says the doc.

"Eat less!" screams Bob. "Who do you think you are, Taft?"

In disgust he slams down the phone.

"You got to be always watching the stomach for health," he mutters. "And I

do love that table. I'd be the fattest man in the world. I can't afford that. I got a closet full of suits."

He says that all he gets for lunch is weeds. "They call it chef's salad."

At the moment he is choking down a sandwich of turkey, chicken and ham.

"Of course when I have company for lunch I have to eat what they order," he explains. "Otherwise they'd think I was trying to chop expenses." He has company for lunch every day. Anyone ordering chef's salad is not invited again.

"At dinner I go to town," he exults. "Lamb with mint sauce, mashed potatoes and peas. And I polish off ice cream. I have a deep freeze unit full of Will Wright ice cream. I go for lemon pie too. Ma's lemon pie drives me out of my mind."

"Besides starving to death, have you any other cross to bear?" we ask.

"Ya. Seven-fifteen in the morning," he says glumly. "That bang on the door. I'm an eleven o'clock guy. I can't get over the New York habit."

Radio suits him better than pictures because of the hours. Combining the two leaves no time for mike fright.

"It does you good to get scared," he says. "I used to get the shakes before going on for a show on the stage. It steps you up. Now I rush on before I can think. You have to be in training doing two things at once around this factory. Pretty soon I'm going to lay the big stale body down in Palm Springs in the sun."

Loafing he likes but it mustn't be dull. Things got to keep moving, or Hope disintegrates. Bob says it's malarky about comedians being sad Hamlets in person.

"It's a wonderful life. All laughs. People liking you."

He is lighter and fitter than before the war. For this he gives no credit to the abstemious life or regular hours.

"Naw, that's not it," he says. "It's that 'Hi, Bob!' Like this morning, driving to work. A couple of guys sang out 'Hi, Bob!' and I felt swell."

He was wearing high yaller shoes with big bump toes in "The Paleface." Pointing to the toe he said, "That's where my wealth is stored."

Naw, that ain't where it is, Bubby Huppy. It's the heart of gold that gives out all the time. Scripture says you have to lose yourself before finding same. Bob lost himself in the crowd long ago. He and it are one. To each he meets he gives with vitality and cheer.

You meet Bob and you leave full of hope. . . . He's even got the right name, that right guy. Hope of the World.

THE END



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The Case of Cornel Wilde

(Continued from page 33) and confused as Cornel himself. His life went into high speed so fast following "A Song to Remember" that he had no time to shift gears. Consequently, instead of being happy with his good fortune he's still defensive about Hollywood and producers. He's still fighting that old world that didn't understand or appreciate him.

Take for example an incident at a recent party. Cornel was at the top of his persuasive form. His black eyes were shining, his black hair was tossing. His voice was irresistible. He and David Selznick were in a corner. And Cornel was trying to sell Selznick the idea of buying his "Lord Byron" story with Cornel of course to star as the romantic poet.

"Can't you see," Cornel concluded enthusiastically, "it would be terrific!" Selznick shook his head and said, "Maybe—but I can't afford it."

"I wouldn't charge—" began Cornel.

"It isn't so much the cost of the story," interrupted the producer. "But I'd have to get you a top woman star and—"

"Oh, no, I could carry the picture myself," Cornel is reported to have said.

"Look," said David—he was now getting a little bit irritated—"even if you were Gregory Peck, I'd still have to get a top woman co-star."

"Look," said Cornel in turn—he did not like that "even"—"The only difference between Gregory Peck and me is that he started a little before I did."

Selznick got up and walked away.

Cornel was not always as sure of himself or as cocky as he is today. And to understand and sympathize with the change in him, I go back to the first time I met Cornel, when he was getting his first big chance at a big movie—with Sonja Henie in "Wintertime."

THE year was 1943. Cornel had made only one previous movie—a quickie comedy, "The Perfect Snob" with Lynn Bari. He was fresh from Broadway where he had played Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet" with Lawrence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. He still walked and talked as though Shakespeare was prodding him at the shoulder. He metaphorically took off his hat with a sweeping bow when he talked to you.

He was very easy to kid and how they kidded him! First Director Archie Mayo, then Cameraman Leon Shamroy. And above all, when he was making "Wintertime," Cornel was kidded by his leading lady, Sonja Henie. She was a great star then—Cornel was a beginner. To this day Cornel refers to that movie as "a tragedy for me." It was—but how much of a tragedy he doesn't realize. It changed him from a gay, trusting person into someone suspicious, self-centered and difficult.

When Cornel was trying to break into Hollywood no one would have him at any price. "Your head is too small for your body," they told him at RKO. "You have too much personality!"—from Universal. "You are too dark"—from Metro, Paramount, Warners and Columbia. "You're a 'heavy'," shrieked all the independent companies.

It's a wonder really that Cornel wasn't more egotistical when he finally did hit the big time in "A Song to Remember." Put yourself in his place. Laughed at, pushed around, belittled for years, then bang, the movie-goers of America, particularly the women, shout, "Where have you been all my life?" Everything he told Hollywood about himself in the lean days comes true. He's a big star.

So it's Cornel's turn to do the laughing and the pushing around. And, still de-

fensive about the old days, he's human enough to push even though it makes people a little sore.

When he and Pat were in Honolulu recently celebrating a reconciliation, for instance, he was difficult with the photographers. When he did pose he made such a to-do about which side of his face he wanted photographed that some of the boys said "Nuts" and went home.

It didn't help either when Cornel insisted on having Pat in every shot and in every interview. But to us who live in Hollywood that's an old story. Cornel's adoration for Pat, and his devotion to her is really beautiful, although it lands him in a lot of scrapes with the press and his own studio. There isn't anything he won't do to help Pat and make her happy.

To get Pat into pictures, Cornel wrote her screen test himself and worked with her for three days for the actual test itself. That's fine and no one minds—in fact they admire Cornel for doing it. But it was the continual thrusting of Pat and her supposed dramatic ability down everyone's throat that finally made people angry.

CORNEL has always been madly jealous of Pat, even before they married. Once when they were engaged they had a date to go to the beach together. Cornel was late, and arrived just in time to see Pat go off with another beau. In a jealous rage Cornel threw the beach bag at his rival.

One thing about Cornel—when he fights with anyone in Hollywood, he takes on the big guys—perhaps that's why he seems more unpopular than he really is—the big guys usually get their version of the story into the papers.

Like when Cornel first refused to work in "Forever Amber." It is a woman's story. So Cornel went on strike—he said he was tired and he was. But the official version said that Cornel had okayed the script, then changed his mind at the last second. Actually Cornel hadn't wanted to do the movie in the first place.

On the other hand few people know that a few days before he was to start "Forever Amber" a second time—this time with Linda Darnell—Cornel had a nearly tragic accident. He ripped off most of his right eyelid with a steel coat hanger. The doctor wanted to send him to the hospital right away, so he could stitch up the eye in the morning under anesthetic. Stitching up an eyelid cold is just about the most painful thing in the world. But that's what Cornel made the doctor do. "I'm starting a picture tomorrow and I don't want to hold them up by going into the hospital," he said.

More recently it didn't help Cornel with his studio when he refused to work in "The Walls of Jericho" just before it was about to start. "I need more rest," said Cornel, just back from two weeks in Honolulu. That alibi seemed even thinner when Cornel, in spite of his supposed ill health, managed a quick ten days to New York with Pat for a hectic round of fun.

Oh yes, he finally agreed to do "The Walls of Jericho."

It all adds up to this. Cornel is a nice guy, but he's a little weak where he himself is concerned, and very much more where Pat is concerned. His early experiences in Hollywood have embittered him and given him a chip on his shoulder. But when he gets completely accustomed to his success—which many predict will increase with time—Hollywood feels that Cornel will settle down and allow himself to be himself.

It's really a very nice self.

THE END

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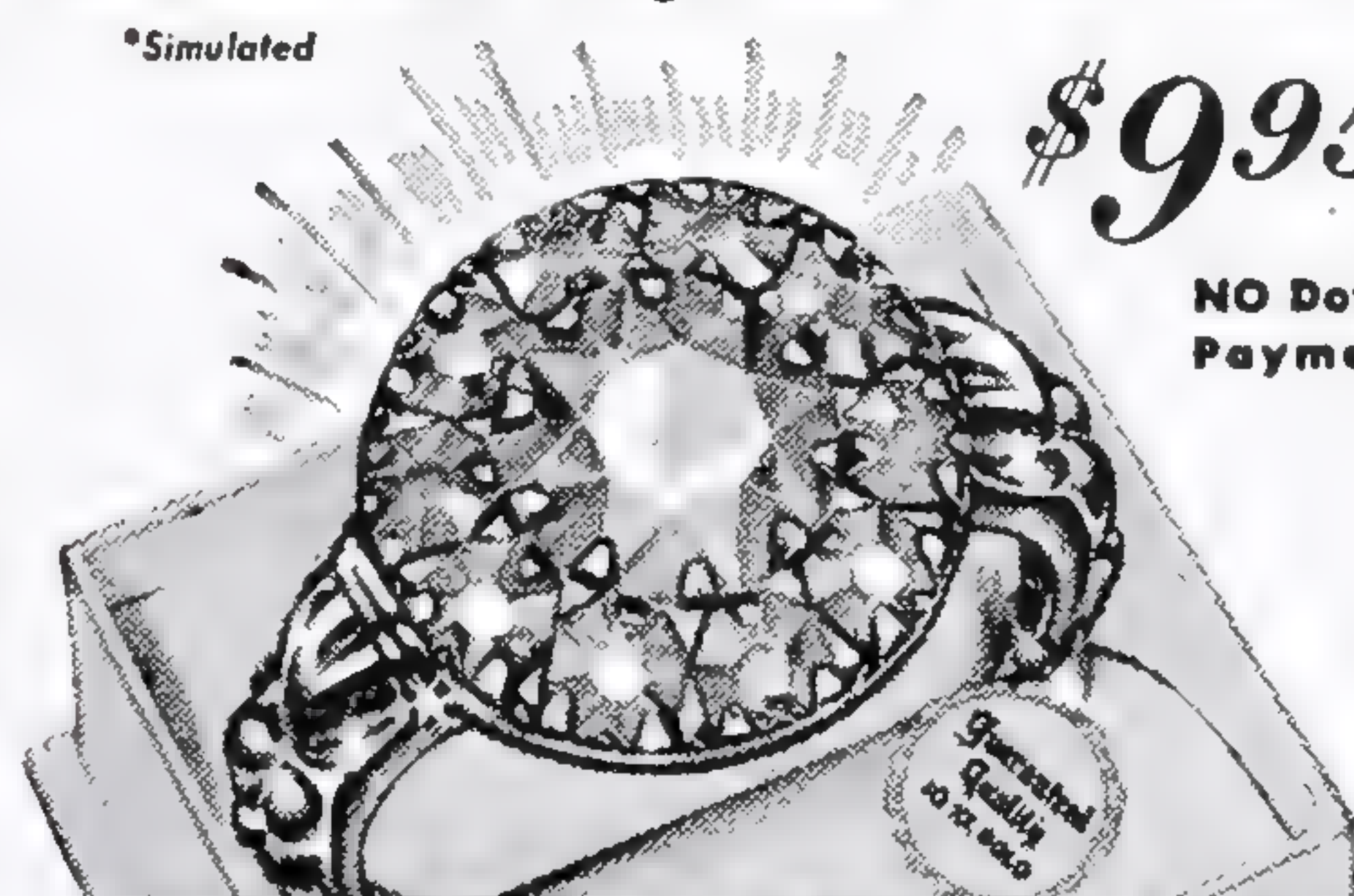
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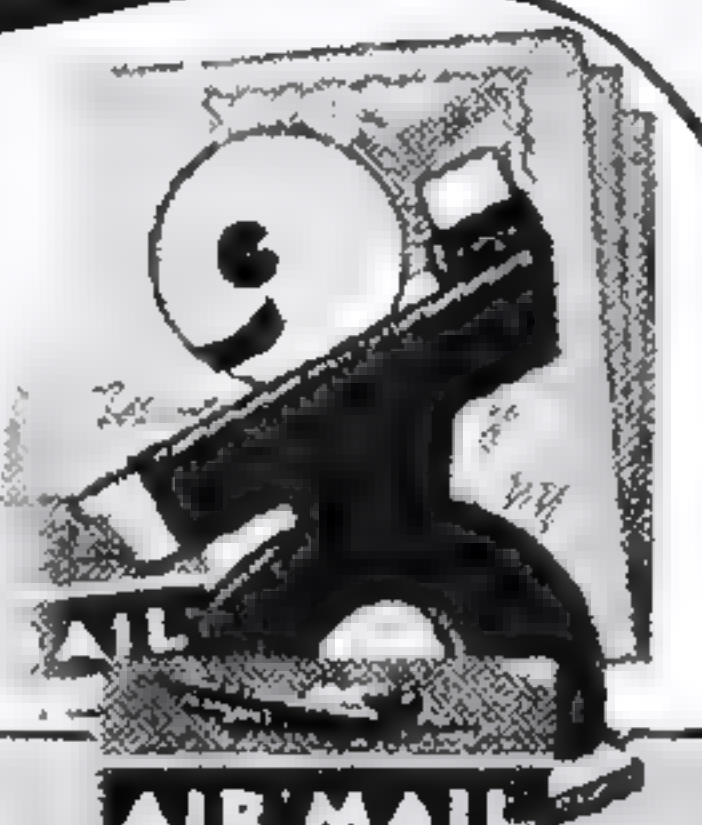


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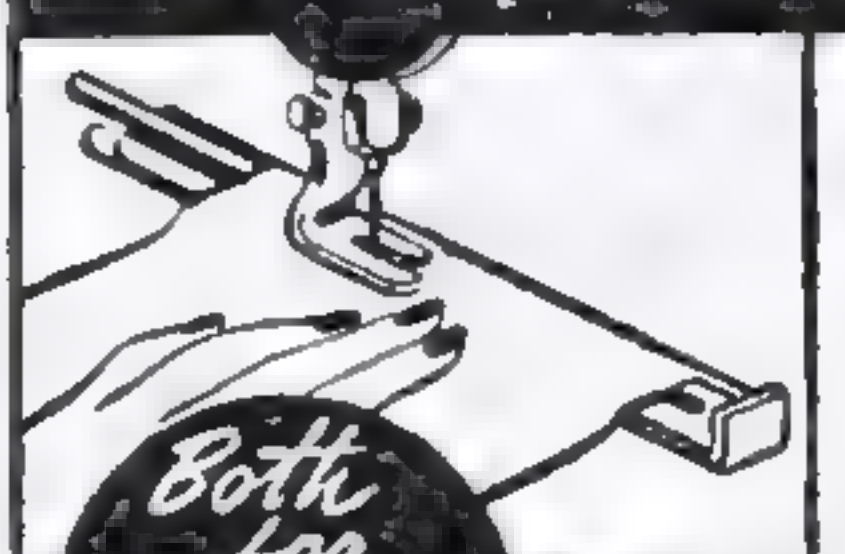
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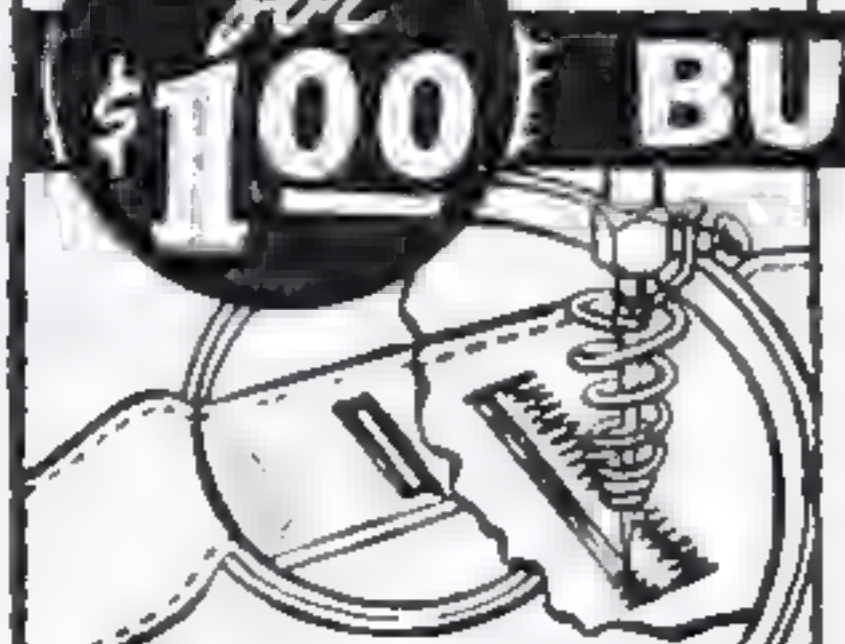
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Don't Misunderstand Me

(Continued from page 34) "willing" to be a great pianist. I was also willing to be a great writer, or a great painter, or a great anything else. I didn't think of these accomplishments in mercenary terms. I wanted glory. I wanted beauty. And I was terribly, terribly discouraged. My life—all eleven years of it—was whirling by me and I was accomplishing nothing.

Have you ever known that depressed, almost suicidal mood? I'm telling you—hold tight to your dreams, keep studying, give yourself a chance to grow up. Things work out. But I warn you, there is one quite bitter price you must pay for any eminence you may attain.

You learn to accept jealousy and envy. You learn that over the lustre of your success there must fall occasional hateful shadows. Sometimes those who have stood still will try to twist the achievement of someone and make it look unattractive.

Does anyone ever think of himself as average? I certainly didn't. I was in the clouds or the depths about myself always. Now I realize that you could find a million other little girls in the United States who are exactly what I was then; the fiercely ambitious, restless, very Americanized daughter of old-world parents.

I WAS the first-born of six children. Two years after me came Marsha, then John, then Eileen, then Justine, and finally my baby brother, Austin.

Father was a grocer. He owned the two-story brick building where we lived, our flat upstairs, the grocery store below. Naturally we always had all the food we wanted in lavish variety.

Our family was religious. One of Mother's sisters was a nun, her brother a priest. We all had to go to Mass every Sunday and confession once a week. Mother saw to that, and it was quite something getting the gang of us dressed for church. Later, when I became a model for Harper's Bazaar, I realized how much training for it I had unconsciously received from my mother. For she always had lovely taste in clothes. She insisted upon our being very neat, even though we were robust, active kids. And while we were permitted "dates" we had to be home and in bed by ten, school nights, and ten-thirty on Saturdays and Sundays.

We were not demonstrative and we still aren't. We never quarreled but we all led separate lives. As a child I spent a lot of time with my Aunt Penny. I still see her whenever possible, and enjoy making publicity trips to the East so that we can be together again.

In all my dreams the thought of acting had never intruded. That was because I was such a little mental snob. I was "above" going to the movies, and rare indeed was the stage play that invaded Scranton. I read everything I could get my hands on, but my preference was biography. Looking back, I am sure that I was as humorless and solemn as a small owl, but one bit of pure enjoyment I did permit myself. That was "Alice in Wonderland" by Lewis Carroll—and I'll bet I wouldn't have relaxed into that much fun if I hadn't known it was a "classic."

Perhaps you remember that Charlotte Henry came out in a Paramount version of "Alice in Wonderland." I condescended to let my Aunt Penny take me to it. I walked in, a girl who was willing to be a famous writer, musician or artist. I floated out, knowing I must be a star. Only not a movie star. I must be the most important star the stage had ever known. Meanwhile I would absorb some acting technique through mere motion pictures by going to them constantly. That is how I happened

to see Deanna Durbin. I nearly died of jealousy. There she was, singing like a glorious lark, and where was I, who was somewhere near her age? I was nowhere. It was agonizing.

I immediately decided that I, too, had to be a coloratura. My poor parents! I besieged them the very next morning for the price of singing lessons, and as soon as I got it, I went hounding music teachers.

Marywood was no good for me, for the Sisters were fine musicians, and they told me I was a contralto. It took me five teachers before I discovered one who said, yes, I could be a great coloratura. I bothered little with scales. Practically from my first lesson I was singing "Il Baccio," which I had heard Deanna sing. I practiced like mad. I screeched at the top of my voice. The trouble was that I, too, had ears. I could hear myself.

By this time I was in Scranton's Central High School. I wasn't top of my class, but I was fairly bright, with grades that averaged between eighty-eight and ninety-three. I belonged to the debating society. I took elocution lessons on the side, but try as I would—and I tried again and again—I never got into a school play until my final year. Even then I didn't have much of a part. This "slight" would have been too devastating if I hadn't had compensation in the form of a very glamorous boy friend at that time.

Shall I tell you now that I remember his car much better than I remember the color of his eyes—and that I remember the highbrow letters we exchanged much more keenly than I recall any shy, earthy kisses? He had a yellow convertible and I thought I was quite mad about him.

The letters we used to exchange, my "love" and I. He would write me a long intellectual letter and I would reply with a longer, more intellectual letter, writing with the dictionary beside me, hunting out five-syllable words. I recall an elaborate correspondence we once had over Japan. He disapproved of Japan for its politics. I wrote back and praised its "culture." I argued that it was such a gentle country, full of such gentle people who just puttered around with the arts. It serves me right that I had to worry myself sick about my brother John in the navy in the South Pacific during the war.

Yet, somehow, this romantic correspondence gradually dwindled into nothing. To this day I am not good at correspondence. I either write volumes or nothing.

My mother entirely disapproved of my entering dramatic school. She was afraid of the theater. She recoiled from what she believed a girl "had to do" in order "to get ahead." She wanted me to go on to college—and I presume her eventual ideal was that I should marry, settle down and raise the same kind of sturdy family that she had raised. Well, I hope I shall do the latter someday.

What I actually did then was to secure a summer engagement with the Mae Desmond stock company. Bad as I knew myself to be, it spurred me on more than ever. When autumn came, the family allotted me a \$16.50 a week allowance. My tuition of \$750 the season was paid at the Alviene School of the Drama. It was up to me to live on the sixteen-fifty per. My family hoped this sum would discourage me sufficiently to move back home.

But I made it. I lived at what was called a "Girls' Residence" up in the Eighties—a kind of theatrical boarding house, packed with girls as ambitious as I. I had a diction teacher, who disapproved of my voice because she thought it was too husky and much too low. She told me to

use my "head tones" and from September to November I went around speaking completely artificially. Most of the girls at the "Hall" stopped talking to me and I finally got it—it was that phony voice.

I was awful at dramatic school. I was so ambitious that when I got a part in one of the plays, instead of analyzing it, I just sat down and memorized the whole thing in the course of an afternoon.

But how I worked! I only had five dates the whole nine months of that first year—and I'm sure I bored those boys speechless, for I talked of nothing but my work. When school closed, I went back home for a month, but by midsummer I was back in New York again, hunting a job. The family, still trying to discourage me, cut my allowance to \$10.00 a week, but I moved into the tiniest room in New York. It cost \$6.50 a week. I ate, paid carfare and dressed on the \$3.50 balance.

But, as the song has it, there isn't any business like show business. And finally, after miles of walking, hours of waiting in agencies and manager's offices, I did land a job in "Hellzapoppin'." I was making an actual whole \$50.00 a week—but you can imagine what it did to my mental snobbery to be in what was glorified burlesque-vaudeville. I tried to give notice after a week, but I had signed for a year and I had to stick.

Now I am so grateful. I toured every state of the Union with "Hellzapoppin'." And I learned about timing—about humor—about real audiences—and I learned what wonderful, vivid, un-snobish people real troupers are.

When our road tour was over, I was too proud to write home for money and I would have starved if I hadn't started

modeling for Harper's Bazaar. Then becoming Tallulah Bankhead's understudy in "The Skin of Our Teeth" seemed the sure way to fortune. It was—in a circuitous way. Through a combination of circumstances, I was brought to the attention of Hal Wallis and signed to a contract by him.

That has been told and retold, but what hasn't been printed before are those certain bitter lessons I was forced to absorb—and which I tell all you ambitious ones you might as well learn to absorb, too, if you really want to scale any heights.

Now, here's an illustration: Last spring, when I was East, I invited my mother up to New York to stay with me at Fifth Avenue's Gotham Hotel. We had a glittering time, shopping on the Avenue, seeing all the shows on Broadway, dining in the most luxurious places. But what happened when my mother went back home? People said to her, "What's the matter with your daughter? Why didn't she come here? Is she too good for Scranton now?" Thank goodness this is a minority opinion. One of my proudest possessions is a letter from the Scranton City Council wishing me well in my career, and one of my keenest desires is to be able to get enough time to return home for a prolonged visit with my friends and family. Actually, I've made five pictures in about two years. That doesn't permit much time for vacation away from Hollywood.

However I am learning to laugh without losing my sensitivity, my ideals, my basic love of people. To work and to be above pettiness. Yes, I think I've learned that. At least I know I'm working at it.

Now do you see why I asked, "Don't Misunderstand Me"?

THE END

Big Guy

(Continued from page 43) and after the war finds out his father did the profiteering. Edward G. Robinson is my father."

Burt feels it's "a major step forward" in the direction he wants. On the other hand, there is always the danger he may go too far from the Lancaster already tried and tested. In his case, however, the results could never be too formidable. Perhaps, because the most useful bit of equipment ever brought by any actor to Hollywood is Burt's ability to "break a fall." He learned it the hard way, working in a circus for \$5 a week and board as a "stick actor"—a fellow who performs on the horizontal bars.

WHEN Burt quit college and started rehearsing in a New York gym with a pal, he'd had something more elegant in mind as a salary. And, after thirty-four weeks of rehearsing, thought it would be a cinch to collect it from, say, Kay Brothers, then breaking in a Big-Top troupe in St. Petersburg, Florida. That's a long way from New York City on a map—in a recalcitrant jalopy it is even longer. The car gave up, but the boys didn't, making the last ninety miles on foot. After listening to their demand for a three-figure starter, the gentleman in charge replied, "Give you \$5 a week and keep." They decided he was making a fair compromise.

"He was a real old-timer," Burt tells, "and I'll never forget the first time I climbed to the bar to show him what I could do. I was so excited, I fell right off. I got up from the ground, surprised and woozy, and tried it again. It was a trick I knew I could do, but after the sixth plunge of eight feet, as I lay on my back, my tights ripped and each vertebra separated from its brothers... I knew it was no use. If I could

have accomplished the darn thing, the old-timers were too weak from laughing to appreciate it."

Then, there was the neat trick known as the "swing around." Conscientiously performed by Burt each day, it never failed to remove several strips of skin from the back of the knee to the ankle.

"By the end of the week I could hardly stand. A mule-trainer gave me some salve they use on mule-hocks, but it didn't help. One day, the owner asked me what was wrong. I told him I couldn't seem to get my legs to heal. 'That's simple—' he said. 'Lay off that trick for awhile and fill in with somebody else—'

"I stood there, sort of paralyzed. It just hadn't occurred to me that although 'the show must go on,' there might be a less harrowing way of continuing it. I was the most relieved kid you ever saw—"

"Kid" is right, for the Lancaster was then a brave nineteen.

After his skin-the-calf debut, Burt and his partner advanced through various sawdust stages to a feature spot with Ringling Brothers, and from there to vaudeville, to balancing atop a long pole held by his partner.

The WPA Theater Project allowed him to exercise his voice. After WPA, he worked a succession of small-time fairs, carnivals and hotels. The pay was even sketchier than his skits, so he went to selling at Marshall Field's in Chicago. He also went to working for a refrigerating plant, the fire department, a meat-packing plant, and eventually, back to his home town of New York where he landed a good job with Columbia Broadcasting. Before he could get used to the feeling of collecting a weekly pay-check, he found himself in the Army. He trouped soldier shows through

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September, 1945, found Burt back in New York for demobilization. Fate was about ready to give in. It happened in the elevator of the Hotel Royalton to be exact.

Entering with him on the ground floor was a Broadway producer looking for a fellow—a Lancaster—to play the lead in "A Sound of Hunting." The CBS talent-selling job with its steady pay was awaiting the soldier's return, but Burt never gave it a second thought. Within a few days after the opening of "Sound of Hunting," he had bids from seven of Hollywood's major movie-mills. It was Hal Wallis who got him on a contract. But it was Mark Hellinger who first got him on celluloid.

"The amazing thing about those first reviews—" Burt says, speaking of the critics' raves about "The Killers," "is that most every one of them spoke of the 'ease' of my first performance. Looking back, I can't remember doing a scene in which I wasn't shivering so badly I was afraid there'd be three or four of me on the screen where only one was needed."

It is not the money involved, but a determination not to let anything best him, which is the greatest reason for his satisfaction in achieving screen success.

"I've never had too much feeling for material holdings," he says. "When I was an out-of-work acrobat, I often stood around the corner of 42nd Street wearing a \$100 suit—not to put on a front, but because I usually bought according to the amount I had in my pocket. I bought a \$5 tie if I had \$5, or if I had a dollar I bought a dollar one. I remember buying a \$14 pair of shoes, because that was what I had with me, and then having to walk home some sixty blocks."

He admits, however, that his view of things nowadays is not quite so nonchalant. His feet, his heart and his tomorrows have been secured by the blonde Norma Lancaster. Norma is "pretty wonderful," as he discovered to his surprise, after knowing her just a few weeks in Italy, where they met when she went overseas with USO.

"I didn't go for Norma at first, but as the days went on and I saw her remaining as sweet and unaffected as when she first arrived, I knew she was lovely inside as well as out."

Norma, being "too good a housewife" to do much rushing around, they're taking it easy, living in a surf-side house at Malibu Beach. Except when they have a few close friends in for dinner—that's the kind of rushing 'round she prefers.

For the baby they're expecting, Burt has no specified ambitions. He hopes he'll be a "good kid, who grows up into a worthwhile adult. I hope he'll be smart enough when he has to face life on his own, to face it without sham—to look at it clearly, and put

nothing but honesty into it." Like all parents, he'd give his heart to save the next generation "some of the confusion of this one."

This last, he thinks he might help along better as a producer instead of an actor. His producing urge is so strong and so continuously expressed, that when calling on his close friend Mark Hellinger, he must needs send in word whether it is "Lancaster, the actor," or "Lancaster, the producer" who wishes a talk.

His yearning, as a producer, would be to put his "own concept of good and evil, but mostly of beauty, on the screen. I believe that if I tell you I'm a bad fellow—and glory in that fact—I am a bad fellow. But maybe, I'm a fellow who does something you consider 'bad,' but do it only with good in my heart. Then the deed is not evil. I'd like to prove that the popularly-drawn lines of good and evil are not ones which necessarily will stand up—" He hopes to prove this with "Kiss the Blood off My Hands," his first producing-starring film.

This ambition proves Lancaster's fairly recent acquaintance with the screen. Sooner or later he will find himself up against the barbed-wire defense of the censor's office, which says good must be "good" in black and white, and "evil" not only likewise, but necessarily so.

Equally exciting is Burt's ambition to write, produce or just act in a real circus story, a subject on which he will talk for unlimited paragraphs, and keep you completely enthralled:

"Few people realize what an integral piece of Americana the circus really is. The first public sports events were the leaping contests, usually presided over by the mayor of the small towns, with circus leapers encouraging and challenging local talent.

"The circus stars were as important as the movie stars of today—more so. They brought the world to the crossroads, because in those early days circus people were the only ones who had travelled everywhere and had seen everything.

"Routing the circus so that it reached each town just as the tobacco crop or lumber mills paid off was a matter of much battling between outfits and some colorful fights really ensued. Most of all, the moving of those huge troupes of people and animals was a science. When Barnum & Bailey toured Europe, Kaiser Wilhelm sent a detachment of officers to observe how this troupe movement was done. Many of their devices play an important part in war-time troop movement today."

The Lancaster circus classic is still something to look forward to—and according to the number of picture assignments lined up for him—you'll have to look pretty far forward.

THE END



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"The Biggest Mistake of My Life"

(Continued from page 37) for a lifetime, in a fit of infatuation.

But I am a reporter. And when I was told that June would talk to me, the first time she had opened her mouth about her troubles, I could no more resist seeing her than the well-known fire horse can resist the cliché.

So, I was ready, if slightly unsympathetic, when June arrived—and the first surprise was her appearance. I had remembered her as plump and blue-eyed. The girl who came in and took a chair near the fire was slender to the point of painful thinness and she wore suffering and unhappiness as obviously as she wore her simple blue sports suit. If she had lost a lot of her musical-comedy glitter, she had certainly gained in character. She must have lost fifteen pounds or more since I last saw her—and I said so.

"All of that," she nodded. "It's because I can't sleep. I can neither eat nor sleep."

Apparently, we were out of the pleasantries in the opening round so without waiting for further preliminaries, I said:

"How did you happen to marry Jimmy Zito in the first place? Ever since you have been a star you've been giving out interviews that you would think a long time before you married, that your career deserved the next five years of your time and effort, that when you married you would stay married because that is your religious belief. And then you elope with a man you haven't seen in years."

Maybe that was a little blunt. But it was my point and I made it.

No doubt about it, she was nervous, but she must have known it was coming and she was prepared. Even so, her voice shook a little when she replied, "I've asked myself those same things a million times."

"IT'S true I hadn't seen Jimmy in years."

But during all that time, I carried around an ideal of him. Do you know what I mean? When I was first starting out in show business and he was new in the game, too, we seemed to be the same kind of people. We were young and ambitious and we both wanted the same thing—success. We were in the same band, you know—I, the singer, and he a musician.

"I loved his family. They seemed to have the same warm family clan feeling we Havers have. When we were separated by our work and I came to Hollywood, I still remembered what wonderful times we used to have together. Most of the men I went around with here seemed to be typical bachelor types. Foot-loose and fancy free. Night clubs and premieres. There was none of that party-at-home, spaghetti-dinner affairs that Jimmy and I used to enjoy."

Tears were there now, almost ready to spill over. But she went on.

"And then," she said, "last year I went back home to Rock Island. I saw all the girls I had gone to school with happily married and with babies so cute and fat you could bite them. I've always wanted a baby. All of a sudden it seemed that all the things I really wanted in life were slipping by. Frankly, I wanted to get married. And, it was right at this time—"

"The psychological moment?" I prompted.

"The psychological moment," she repeated, "Jimmy came back again. A reality this time—my ideal walking back into my life and my thoughts."

She fell silent as though she had reached a place in her recital where she couldn't go on. And I felt, for the first time, that June was being honest and sincere.

"And he wasn't like that ideal?" I tried to help her.

She almost hurled herself out of the chair and started walking up and down the room.

"Oh, I can't talk about it," she sobbed. "It was awful. I want to forget as soon as possible."

"We hadn't been married hours before I realized I had never really known Jimmy. He was a stranger. He was either down in the dumps or up on high. I never knew from one moment to the next how he would be. Sometimes he would sit for hours and not talk, just stare at me—never saying a word."

"I wanted so much to make a success of my marriage even when I knew in my heart it was no go. I returned to him because I thought it was the right thing to do. It was my religious belief that I should stay with the man I had married."

"EVEN my studio did not know what I am about to tell you now. They thought we were definitely parted. But, without saying a word to anyone I joined Jimmy and his orchestra at Grand Pass, Oregon, and for ten days I traveled with them. Oh, those one night stands! What a dreary, awful time."

"Night after night, I drove Jimmy from place to place. One night we had a 440-mile jump. All that way, he never said a word—just sat there. I tried to talk on any subject. But he wouldn't answer. Mile after mile of silence—I thought I was going to have hysterics."

She had sat down again and seemed to have better hold of herself.

"But I stuck along—and finally we came home. We moved into an obscure place in a Santa Monica motel."

Once again, she had reached one of those places where she couldn't go on. I would have been stone if I hadn't been affected by what she was telling me.

"You see," she said, "most musicians live at great tension and Jimmy is unusually temperamental—like a taut string about to snap any minute. But I want to say his family was always wonderful to me—always. They worried about me—not about him. They worried when I said I was going to marry him. I should have realized then what a mistake I was making."

I said, "June—why, why, why did you go through with a second religious ceremony?" I knew she is earnestly trying to get an annulment in the Catholic Church.

"I didn't want to cheat. If I was sincere in trying to make a go of my marriage, I knew I had to be sincere in my faith. My priest thought I should give my marriage every chance."

"And, now," I said, "you may never marry again. What a bitter lesson this has been to you."

She nodded. "As salty bitter as all those tears I weep into my pillow at night. But I've got to try to put it all behind me and pick up the pieces."

"I have put in an application to adopt a child, because the most important reason for marriage is children. And, although I have made a grave mistake, I don't want to be deprived of a child to love. I adore my little niece, Kathleen June, who is just seven months old, and being around her has made me want one of my own more than anything else in the world. I have asked for a boy."

"But will they let you take a child?" I asked.

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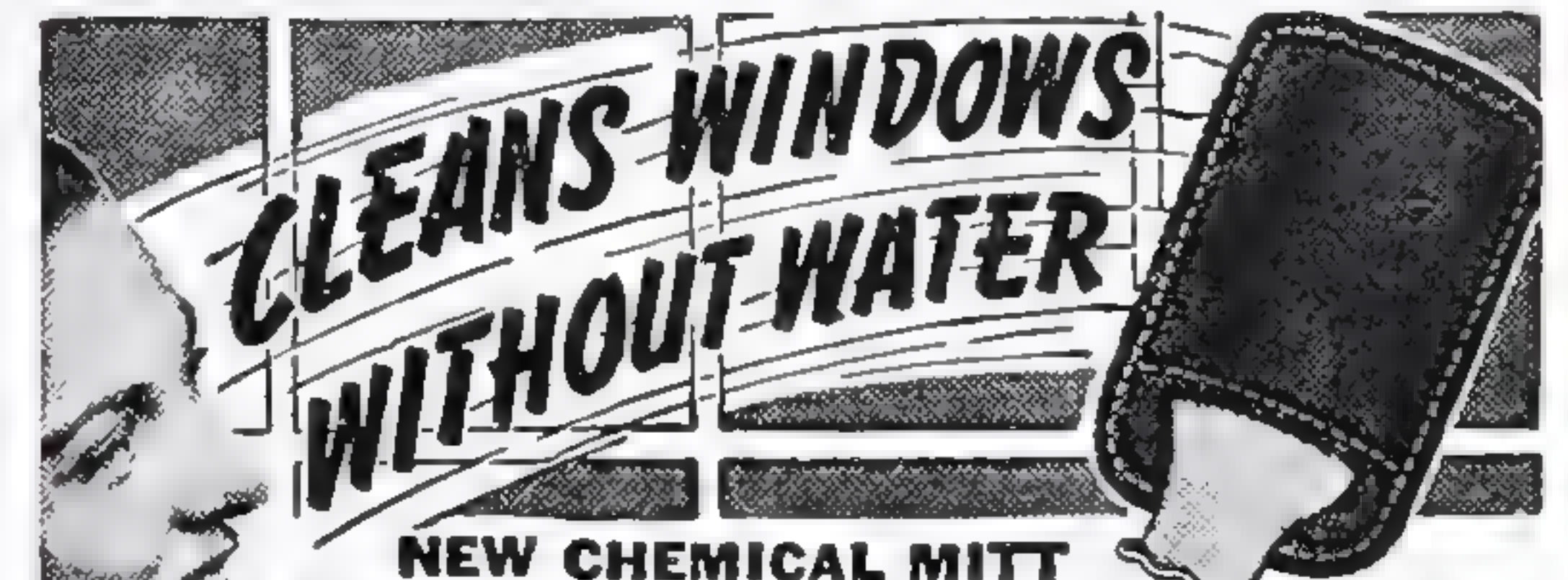
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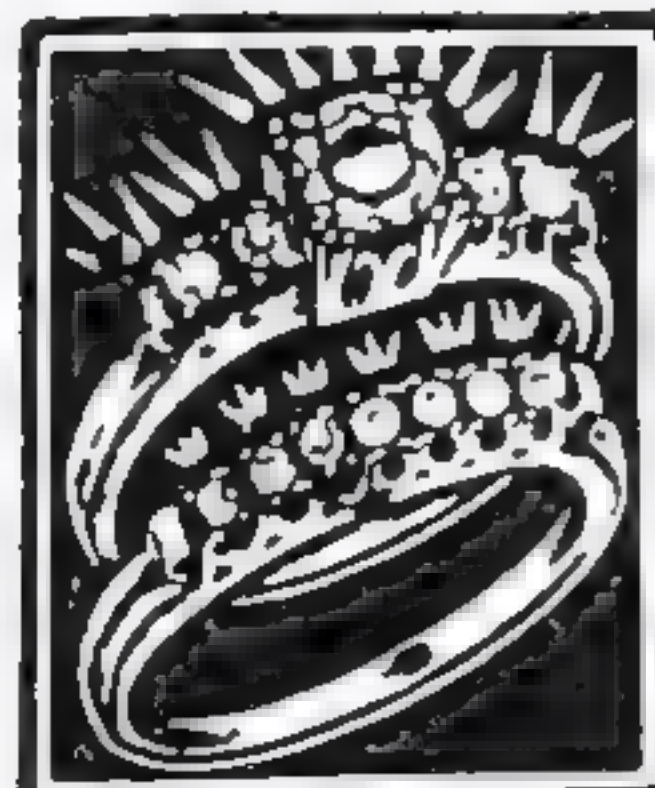
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security and, above everything else, love." There was little sense in beating our heads against the stone wall of her marriage any longer. I wanted June to be happier. So I mentioned the great break that had fallen to her—being borrowed from Twentieth to play the life of Marilyn Miller on the Warner lot.

Suddenly, the shadows gave way to sunshine. June's face brightened and she smiled like the kid she is.

"Isn't it wonderful—the life of Marilyn Miller? What musical comedy actress wouldn't jump at the chance? She was the greatest of all, wasn't she?"

She was that—and while June hadn't been my first choice, I can see now how she could be very good. Her sadness has given her a sweetness and mellowness that Marilyn had.

"Ernst Lubitsch told me," she said as though she was aware of this personal change, "that no woman has lived until she has cried bitterly into her pillow.

"All my thoughts and efforts are in my work now," she went on. "I should have stuck to what I said—that my career deserved the next five years of my life."

"Just one more thing, on that subject, June," I interrupted. "Do you think your career had anything to do with your trouble with Jimmy?"

She laughed outright at this. "No indeed," she said. "He loved it. I think the thing about me that attracted him most was that I was in the glamorous movies—a recognized part of it."

Some way I cannot feel that those miserable days with Jimmy Zito are going to ruin June's life. She is a sunny-tempered girl. She's living with her mother now until she gets back her health and strength.

"My mother cooks the most enormous meals to see if she can tempt my appetite," she laughed. "I'm helping her along by playing golf—and," she smiled, "I'm getting good."

In a year, June will be legally free of Jimmy Zito. Whether or not she will ever be free to love and marry again remains to be seen. Certainly there are no more worries about her career. She is getting bigger and better opportunities.

And all of a sudden, I didn't feel irritated or unsympathetic to June Haver any more.

I thought, after she had left me, "She's paid a bitter price for one great mistake." She seemed little and lonely getting into her car and driving away.

THE END

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Mature Mood

(Continued from page 58) of it—was observing it with them. He was most contrite.

Although if he had known what the interviewer had in mind, he would probably have appeared bearing a spear in one hand and the Encyclopedia Britannica in the other. And justly so. For a man of Vic's intelligence could hardly be sympathetic with the sudden discovery of a possible I.Q., or as he puts it, "Look—he can talk!" And adds grinning, "I could *always* talk, I just said the wrong things."

It was on a bond tour during wartime that Vic began concentrating on making a "Kiss of Death." He saw the handwriting on the screen in the veiled looks of people he met; the contemptuous expressions of hotel cashiers, elevator boys, the man in the barbershop. These were average American people. They didn't like this character Mature. And it hurt. It was then that Vic pledged himself when the "big show" was over, to make pictures that would erase those looks.

By Mature's reasoning, one can hardly plumb one's dramatic depths from behind a Technicolor chorus of lovelies, or as a cave man wearing a bearskin rug. For once, in "Kiss of Death," he had lines to say—and he said them; a real role to play—and he played it.

And, if you know him well, you recognize in this picture the real Vic—sans stripes of course—earthy, genuine, sensitive, a realist with sentiment, emotionally equipped to give that poignant portrayal of *Nick Bianco*.

MATURE has always been much too modest to connect himself seriously with the star. To Vic that character on the screen is entirely apart from him, a commodity to be sold, and he has gone about merchandising that Mature as objectively as the candy bars he used to sell back in Louisville. The "hunk-of-man" wasn't a brand he liked; he cringed every time he heard it. But, since Hollywood had started selling it. . . .

Few stars can match the determination he displayed when he landed in Hollywood with eleven cents, set up house-keeping in a tent in a family's back yard in Pasadena and got jobs mowing lawns, walking dogs and polishing the floor of the Y.M.C.A. to help pay his tuition at the Playhouse. But from his first break as the lead in "One Million B.C.," Mature-the-screen-star was strictly a cinema commodity to Vic.

When his first picture was premiered in Louisville, Jules Seltzer, Hal Roach publicity man, had to lock him in his hotel room to keep Vic from running off to duck making a speech. This was his home, he argued, these were people he'd ground knives for and to whom he'd sold candy. They wouldn't sit and listen to him make any speech. "They'll all walk out," he said. But they applauded and remained.

Even now Vic seldom sees his rushes and gets restless watching his pictures on the screen. He saw "Kiss of Death" twice (which alone is significant of his quiet pride in it), once in a studio projection room and again at the Carthay Circle Theatre, at the insistence of a pal who wanted him to go along. During the course of the picture the last time, he ate two bags of popcorn, went out three times for a drink of water and finally fell fast asleep.

Vic got out of the Coast Guard with \$800, a boat, and no place to live, and was bunking in his studio dressing room when opportunity knocked with the revolutionary role of the gun-toting consumptive, *Doc Holliday*, in "My Darling Clemen-

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time." He will always be grateful to Darryl Zanuck and to Director John Ford for taking him that seriously.

His association with the great Irish director, which turned out so successfully, had a strange beginning, yet one typical of Ford's probing, analytical approach and of Vic's forthrightness. He was very flattered when the director asked him to drop by his office, but his face changed when Ford intimated immediately that he had heard much about him . . . much of it not good. That Mature threw his rank on a set, for instance, that he ordered the crew around. "Mr. Ford, I may be a character," Vic exploded, "but so help me I've never stepped on any human being, up or down. That's one thing I don't do."

Usually even-tempered by disposition, Vic has often said, "The only people I actually dislike are those who belittle other people."

Today, Vic speaks of Ford with exclamatory enthusiasm as "the greatest director, the greatest Irishman, the greatest human being . . ." and defends a battered green felt hat that he wears with, "It has character. . . I stole it out of Jack Ford's dressing room."

NOTWITHSTANDING all of which, Vic isn't wearing his new professional dignity where it shows. Hollywood without Maturisms would be a dismal thought and an equally unnecessary one. Vic hasn't taken even a wisp of the veil.

Having often stated, "I'm not exactly allergic to publicity—all I want out of life is the front cover," he backed it up by arriving in New York on location for "Kiss of Death" wearing a huge cream-colored polo coat, a natty black Homburg hat, and carrying his old sea bag slung over his shoulder. On the same trip he signed autographs for the prisoners at Sing Sing with a flourishing, "This entitles you to a three-day pass." And once while visiting a friend at Doctors' Hospital, he donned an interne's uniform and made the rounds, giving the patients a big laugh but worrying one doctor who thought a feminine patient must be having a relapse when she insisted Victor Mature had just been there feeling her pulse.

Nothing would surprise the citizens of his own community out beyond Twentieth Century-Fox studios, since the day they saw him mowing his lawn attired in tails. He had few clothes when he got out of the service, Vic explained, but he did have two pairs of tails, "and I've got to get the good out of them some way."

His home is a simple bungalow distinguished from the others by a silver lamé curtain fluttering in the garage window, converted to an apartment for his Coast Guard pal, a blue parasol on the roof, and an occasional pair of half-chewed shoes in the front yard, the latter being the creative contribution of his German Shepherd, "Nicky," who's always making new acquaintances who ring the doorbell bearing a wounded shoe or a football and the same question, "Is this your dog?"

Making up the balance of Mature's immediate family of evictees are Bud and Ella Evans, their cocker spaniel "Blackie" and Vic's beloved "Genius," the big boxer he bought with a grand gesture from Tim Holt when Tim had no place to keep him . . . and Vic was living in a dressing room.

As might be expected, Vic's home is the house of tomorrow today. Modern "Maturistic" in motif, it's done with a large and lavish hand and with colorful charm throughout, from the den with its massive gray upholstered divans to Vic's bedroom which features an oversize white bed and turquoise and maroon wallpaper with a Nubian slave design, which Vic says "looks loud but is really restful."

With his dark good looks, Vic is often mistaken for various extractions but calls himself "strictly a mongrel . . . Austrian, French-Swiss, Irish, Greek and Italian, you name it." He's thirty-three, six feet three, weighs 220 pounds and sums himself up as the "happiest lonesome man in Hollywood," which when you know him is an accurate description of Mature.

Vic doesn't like to be alone. He's happiest when surrounded by crowds of people and chatter, when the joint is really jumping, everybody having fun. He's quick to sense any unhappiness in others around him, and may break loose with a spirited jitterbug solo to change their mood.

He enters any room like a friendly tornado, sweeping all present into a warm circle around him. As a host he is always concerning himself over the comfort of his guests, putting a prop under foot, moving an ash tray nearer and never letting a glass go dry.

His friends are a mixed and stimulating assortment of doctors, lawyers, publicity personnel, writers, and many ex-Servicemen, who may just watch a ball game on his new television machine or get involved in a widely divergent discussion of world economics or philosophy.

Vic's dates number both motion picture and non-professionals, but at present he's confusing commentators with his revived romance with Rita Hayworth. This is causing some serious speculation among his friends, who well remember that years ago when she needed it most, Vic taught Rita to laugh again—and quit laughing himself . . . inside.

Intermittently, he fancies himself quite a gourmet. He improvises on proven recipes, makes his hot cakes with whipped cream, puts canned peaches on his baked hams instead of the more conventional pineapple, and throws everything but a leftover house guest into the seasoning for some special sauce.

He's equally generous with long distance telephone calls, particularly at odd hours, and his mother in Louisville, to whom Mature is deeply devoted, is never surprised to pick up the phone and hear his vigorous, "Hi Ya Sweetie," his standard greeting for the opposite sex, including Bud Evans's four-year-old daughter.

From all indications there will be no more bearskin rugs or glamorous gams for Vic to hide behind, for which he thanks Darryl Zanuck, who kept his word to give him something he could really "tear into." He has a new four-year deal without options and with a substantial raise that's indicative of a studio quote on Vic's future.

Henry Hathaway, noted director of "Kiss of Death," says emphatically that rugged realism is Mature's forte. When asked for his own serious comment on that picture, Vic is very apt to say he only regrets that the neighborhood grouch back in Louisville who'd always predicted "that Mature boy will wind up in prison some day" didn't live to see it.

But break him down and he will admit. "It gives me such a wonderful feeling inside—such a good feeling, I can't explain it—but you know."

As to what the "new" Mature wants to do from now on, he says, "Anything down-to-earth. I should never do the other things, not with these sad spaniel eyes of mine and this sad droopy looking puss. At least my friends think it's sad," he shrugs, "others just think I'm smelling something."

And, shrug as he may, it's the sweet smell of success, the kiss of life to a screen Vic, "matured."

THE END

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